

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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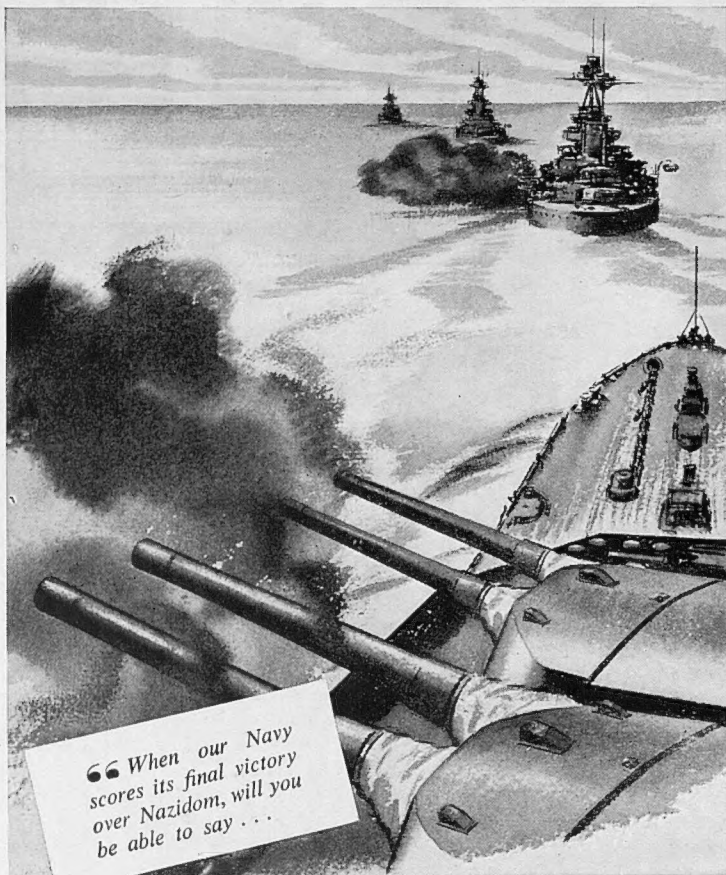
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LONDON
AUGUST 13, 1941



Karsh, Ottawa

Young Canada Works for Victory

A lovely young Canadian in uniform is Marget Northwood, of the Ottawa Detachment, Canadian Red Cross Corps, in which she holds the rank of company sergeant-major. She also has an important job as private secretary to one of Canada's last-war heroes, Air Marshal "Billy" Bishop, V.C., Director of Recruiting for the Royal Canadian Air Force. The R.C.A.F. is now ten times stronger than at the beginning of the war, and still growing



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

All Hands On Deck

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will certainly have been interested in the report which Mr. Harry Hopkins brought back to him from his trip to Britain and Russia. The President now has his full team assembled in Washington again. Mr. Sumner Welles, the Permanent Under-Secretary at the State Department had to deputise for two months for Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, who brought on a breakdown of health by a long period of over-work.

Throughout the eight years of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency Mr. Hull has been continuously at the State Department during a period of exceptional strain on those in all countries responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs. Mr. Sumner Welles, who has been Acting Secretary of State during Mr. Hull's absence, is of undoubted ability but he has not the toughness of his political chief and, in any case, it is never easy for a permanent official to conduct policy with quite the same authority as the Minister.

Success of a Mission

MR. HOPKINS had much to tell. Apart from the important conversations he had had in

London on the broad strategy of the war and how this would govern supply and equipment needs for the Allies, his talks with Stalin in Moscow were illuminating and most encouraging. Mr. Hopkins, I believe, found the Soviet leader mainly preoccupied with the campaign as it will have developed next spring and summer. We may deduce that Stalin has not the least idea that Russian resistance could collapse this autumn.

If that be true, Hitler's doom must surely be sealed. Already it has been raining considerably in Russia and before many more weeks have passed the rain will be turning to snow. Committed to a winter campaign Hitler's problems would be redoubled. It is then that the Russian defensive strategy of the "scorched earth" will hit him hardest. The task of supplying the German armies in the barren wilderness will be gigantic.

Bombs on Moscow

IN Moscow Mr. Harry Hopkins was able to observe several German air raids on the capital and to compare the damage being done there with what he has seen in London. I gather that some of his conversations with Stalin were conducted during attacks on the city. Stalin remains perfectly calm, though recognising the importance of his personal leadership for Russia's future, he provided many months ago for a system of deep shelters in which he can conduct his work 200 ft. below ground level. He showed himself extremely courteous essentially business-like, devoid of sentimental or social trappings, but full of understanding.

Visitors to the Kremlin have frequently been astonished by the intimate knowledge shown by Stalin of the internal affairs of foreign countries although he has never himself been abroad. In the matter of the United States Stalin showed the same uncanny appreciation, not only of their inherent strengths but also their potential weaknesses.

Luftwaffe's Troubles

MANY people have been surprised during the past few weeks by the Moscow air raid communiqués. These invariably have

reported that only a minute percentage of the attacking German force succeeded in penetrating Moscow's defences and that large numbers of the enemy bombers had been shot down by Russian night fighters. It is also clear from the reports of many observers that the damage so far done has not been severe.

There is no reason to disbelieve these reports although it is probable that the Russians do not consider that enemy bombers have reached the city unless they have flown right over the Red Square. In the first place the German bombing fleet has to fly much greater distances from its bases to the objective than is the case when the attack is on London. With the short summer nights the Germans probably have to make part of the journey, both going and coming, in the twilight, thus greatly easing the task of the defenders.

As to the relatively small damage, this is probably due in part to the fact that so far the Germans have dropped only small bombs. It is not to be supposed that they have done so with the wish of reducing the effect of their attack. The most probable explanation is that they are finding difficulty in moving the heavy bombs over the congested German railways up to the advanced air striking bases. However this may be, the fact remains that the 4,000 lb. bomb with which both London and Berlin are now familiar has not yet roared down into the Soviet capital.

Polish Government Changes

GENERAL SIKORSKI has been having a difficult time trying to restore unity in his Government following the agreement concluded with Moscow. M. Zaleski, his Foreign Minister, one of the three members of his Government to tender their resignations, was one of the old Radical school and throughout the negotiations found every possible objection to what was being done. General Sosnkowski, a representative of the Polish aristocracy, although he had spent many years under Marshal Pilsudski keeping a watchful eye on Poland's frontier with Germany, doubtless felt that he must record his protest against an agreement which, by implication if not by words, seemed to surrender to Russia part of the territories constituting the former Polish state built up by the old Marshal. It was interesting, therefore, to learn last week that General Sosnkowski was being considered as the officer to form and command the new Polish army which will be raised on Russian soil from among the prisoners of war. It was thought more likely, however, that this task would be entrusted to General Anders, who was himself taken prisoner by the Russians.

Several names were under discussion for the post of Polish Ambassador to Moscow. The most fancied tip was Professor Stanislaus Kot, General Sikorski's Minister of the Interior. He is of peasant origin, a member of the Polish Peasant Party, was a professor at Cracow University and hails from west central Galicia. He is an authority on the history of Poland in the Reformation period. His wife comes from a more easterly district of Poland. I understand that the President would have liked to appoint Professor Bartel, but nothing has been heard of him since the fall of Poland. He has not turned up in Moscow and nothing has been heard of him in Lwow where he belongs and was believed to have been at liberty.

In London it is felt that General Sikorski showed great courage and statesmanship in taking the broadest view of the future and over-riding the objections in detail raised by some of his Cabinet members.

Middle East Activity

THE season approaches when operations in North Africa may be resumed with something of their former ferocity. The new set-up



Robert Montgomery in a New Role

The famous film star has recently been appointed Assistant Naval Attaché to the United States Embassy in London. After driving an ambulance in France last year, Robert Montgomery enlisted in the American Navy, and now wears two stripes and a star. His latest film, "Rage in Heaven," was seen in London a short time ago



Norway in Washington

When the corner-stone of a new wing of the Norwegian Legation in Washington was laid, Crown Princess Martha of Norway raised her country's flag over the site. Among high American officials present were Mr. William S. Knudsen, Director of Production Management of Defence, and Mr. Sumner Welles, Acting Secretary of State while Mr. Cordell Hull was ill. Mr. Welles marked the occasion with a fine speech on a post-war world order based on peace and justice



Norway in London

Norwegians and Americans also met officially in London when canteens were presented to Norway by the British War Relief Society of America. A small ceremony of their own was carried out by General Fleischer, C.-in-C., Norwegian Forces in Great Britain, and Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle, who pinned on to the General's coat one of the thumbs-up pins which the B.W.R.S.A. has launched in the United States as a match to the V sign in Europe. Mrs. Biddle's husband, who is American Ambassador to the Governments in London of Poland, Belgium, Norway and the Netherlands, handed over the three mobile canteens to Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Princess Martha's husband (see left)

in Cairo enables the Commander-in-Chief, General Auchinleck, to devote the whole of his thought to the direction of military operations. Unlike General Wavell he is relieved of all responsibility for organisation of supplies to the Middle East, which in itself is a gigantic task now supervised by General Haining. Nor need he worry his head about political problems in any of the areas under his command, for these are now entrusted wholly to Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the War Cabinet's "man on the spot."

Understand that Mr. Lyttelton is already showing the high and versatile qualities he possesses, and it is said by those who have read his many and voluminous cable reports that he is conveying a graphic picture of the whole situation as he sees it developing. Mr. Lyttelton is undoubtedly going to emerge from this war with a big reputation and a claim to the highest positions of State should he choose to continue his recently adopted political career.

When campaigning in the Middle East is resumed in earnest there should be no repetition of the sad lag in news which characterised the operations early this year. Publicity from the Middle East will soon be organised on an entirely new basis under the dynamic impulse of Mr. Brendan Bracken, the new Minister of Information. All the necessary arrangements are now being made, including provision for rapid transmission to this country of pictures from the battlefield. A report on the publicity needs of the situation will be presented at an early date by a distinguished newspaper man, Mr. Douglas Williams, who during the past year has been head of the American Division at the Ministry of Information

Bloomsbury's New Broom

MR. BRACKEN'S governing aim is to make the Ministry of Information serve the Press. With this object in view he has already swept out large numbers of temporary officials who

have little knowledge or special aptitude for their tasks, and is seeking the collaboration of Fleet Street. News being the raw material of publicity and propaganda, and all news today being war news, he has had to tackle afresh the vexed question of obtaining up-to-date information from the Service departments.

Mr. Bracken is not bullying, but is persuading the Army, Navy and Air Force that the maintenance of public morale is of vital importance to their own operations. So far as I can see he is well on the road to success where others have failed. A most distinguished officer has already been nominated by the War Office to conduct the service of information to the Press. Sir Dudley Pound, the First Sea Lord, has become fully persuaded of what is necessary from the naval point of view, and important changes are pending in the Press Division of the Air Ministry—although it must be admitted that the Air Force throughout has shown a much more up-to-date appreciation of the importance of the news than either of the older Services.

If Mr. Bracken has his way, as I believe that he will, the Ministry of Information will at last become what it never has been; namely a central bureau from which the Press, B.B.C. and the film organisations will be able to derive full and frank news of the war effort in all its phases. I fancy there will be plenty of openings now for first-class cameramen.

Singapore Bound

WHEN changes are made in a government it is not always possible to please all of those involved. Mr. Churchill has been singularly successful in this respect quite recently. While the incoming Minister of Information is obviously full of enthusiasm for his first ministerial job—incidentally he attends and speaks his mind at all meetings of the War Cabinet—the outgoing Minister, Mr. Duff

Cooper is bursting with enthusiasm over his appointment as War Cabinet representative in the Far East. There Mr. Duff Cooper feels that there is a real job to do, and one for which he believes himself to be adequately fitted. Although the urgency of his outgoing trip made it necessary for him to travel by air all the way, he was able to arrange for Lady Diana Cooper to accompany him. Lady Diana had flown only once before, and admits frankly that she was extremely frightened throughout quite a short trip. But she has plenty of courage and will survive the present ordeal as well as she weathered last winter's blitz in London.

Post-War Reconstruction

M. VAN ZEELAND, the former Premier of Belgium, has lately been playing an active part in working out a short term policy of post-war reconstruction for immediate application once victory over Germany has been achieved. He is peculiarly fitted for that task, for it may be remembered that in the years immediately preceding the war he devoted a great deal of his time to preparing a report for the British and French Governments on economic and political conditions in Europe with special reference to German aims and the possibility of satisfying their short of war.

In Whitehall it is recognised that a shocking situation will have to be faced the moment hostilities cease. Great stores of surplus supplies are being assembled on the American continent and in the Dominions which will be used immediately to bring succour to starving and shattered Europe.

The Inter-Allied Conference which meets from time to time in London is now devoting urgent attention to this question. The fact that all the Governments in exile are now seated or fully represented in Britain is a great advantage for carrying out preparatory work of this character.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Pity The Poor Director!

FIRST they, meaning Hollywood, buy your play, novel, or whatever it is. Next they alter it so radically that you do not recognise it. Then they change the name. What, ultimately, they think they have bought is a riddle to which Hollywood has hitherto withheld the answer.

* * *

On an evening in October, 1931, there was produced at the Apollo Theatre, London, a play by Mr. John van Druten entitled *There's Always Juliet*, of which, in so far as my memory serves, the plot was something as follows: Dwight Houston, a rich and genuine young American, wanted to marry the English Leonora Perrycoste, who wanted to be married to him, but wouldn't accept because of the difficulty of making her parents, who were on the Continent, understand. A cable from Houston's business partner desiring him to return to America next day, Leonora offered to give herself to Houston, not in order to put compulsion on her parents, but so that she might cherish a memory! Dwight declined. A countermanding cable then arriving, Leonora, having received corroboration that her American was rich and genuine, decided to marry him and make things right with her people over the telephone.

* * *

Is it possible that, ten years ago, London could fall for this milk-and-watery example of what my old friend, Miss Violet Cork, would have called tea-age and cupper? Yes, it is possible; in fact it happened. As I made my shame faced way down Shaftesbury Avenue on that evening ten years ago I could still hear the cheering which did not die away until I had turned the Pavilion corner. But there was method in Mr. van Druten's apparent inanity. And a great deal of highly skilful, well-calculated method.

Queen Elizabeth desired Shakespeare to show her Falstaff in love, and public taste had enjoined upon Mr. van Druten the same behest, *mutatis mutandis*, which meant that he should show us Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best playing at Romeo and Juliet. As I wrote at the time: "There is a repercussion from film-mentality here. The fans who go to see Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor care nothing whether Demeter and Persephone rush together in Arctic wastes, torrid zones, or plain Milwaukee. It is not the journey but the end of it, and the lovers' meeting which counts. Similarly, Mr. van Druten has realised that the insipidity or otherwise of the seas dividing that popular favourite who is Mr. Herbert Marshall from that endeared darling, Miss Best, matter nothing so long as these storied lovers come together in the end." For this view Mr. van Druten had peculiar justification.

NORMALLY the private life of an actor or actress is not the critic's concern. In the case of this ten-year-old play the reference was not only permissible but obligatory, since, obviously, it would not have been possible to stage so poor a piece unless the chief parts had been filled by a pair of what one might respectfully call world-sweethearts. For at

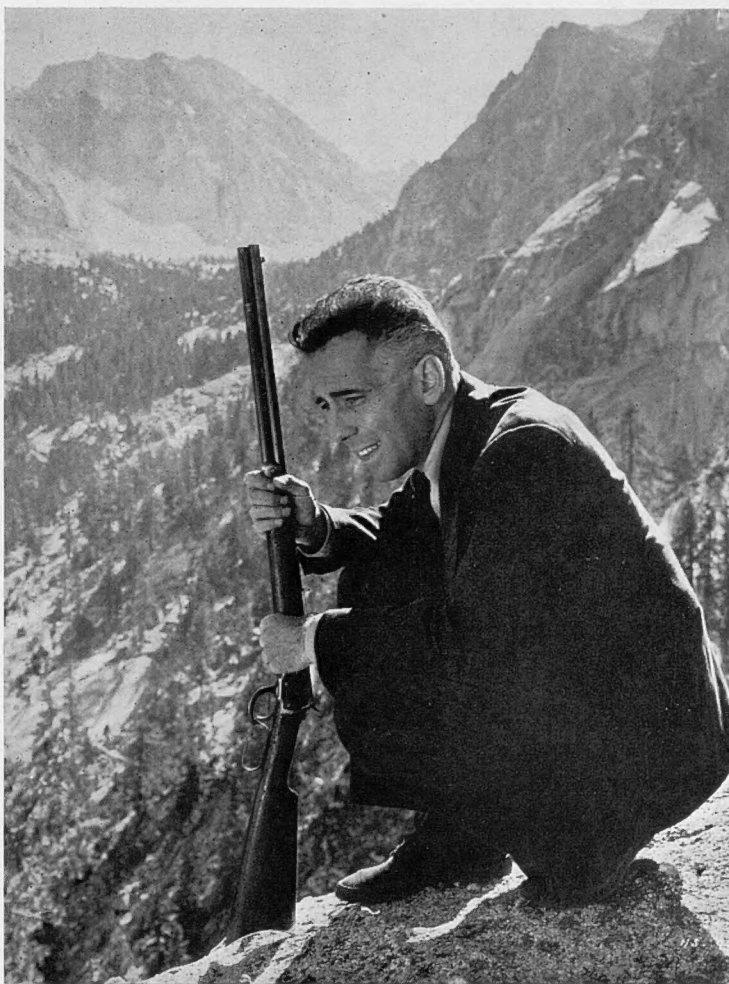
that date it was only a very few months since the news that a charming actress had fled from Hollywood to rejoin the charming actor who was her husband was trumpeted all over the world.

Now consider the thing from Hollywood's angle today. It finds that it has bought a London success which, the particular circumstances which made it a success being absent, is just nothing at all. What is to be done? Obviously the plot must go by the board, which it does. The date is shoved forward some nine years, to enable Leonora to be a motor driver in the present war, while Dwight's job is to fly aeroplanes to London. Three-quarters of an hour are then taken up with that old superboresing nonsense of the temperamental miss whose notion of a slap and tickle is to receive the second and return the first. Finally the pair find themselves at Lisbon in the thick of a plot about a secret document and a rascally German agent, whose rascality is given away by the fact that while pretending to be an Old Etonian he wears an Uppingham tie. At this point an

awful thought strikes me. Is it possible that this film, now showing at the Carlton, is British? It is poor enough.

THE critics at the trade show, to their shame be it said, laughed in all the wrong places. They laughed when the German agent's boss turned out to be a British cabinet minister in disguise. They laughed . . . But why go on? Forgetting the sentimental angle of ten years ago, they took no account of today's lack of correspondency. Had Mr. Fred MacMurray and Miss Madeleine Carroll ever figured among the great lovers of the theatre or cinema world? No. Had, at any time, the roaring seas divided this pair? No. Had one flown to join the other and blazoned the fact to the world? No. The film company had just found itself landed—I can use no other word—with one of the most inept pieces of romantic twaddle known even to the London stage. And something had to be done about it. In fact a lot. The result was one of the feeblest spy dramas that ever emanated from the banks of Thames. Yes, I feel convinced that this is a British production. If there is one thing Hollywood is master of it is wise-cracking. And I just cannot imagine an American director consenting to such a line as: "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse and chase the driver." Unless, of course, we are being treated to some heavy irony at the expense of a British cabinet minister's notion of jocosity.

This film may do well. It may even make money. There's always the new title—*One Night in Lisbon*. After all, more things than earthquakes happen in Lisbon, and Miss Carroll is still very pretty.



Gangster in the Mountains

Humphrey Bogart is the "gangster who tries to reform but can't" (see Mr. Agate's article) in "*High Sierra*," a new thriller with a terrific car chase through the rocky Californian mountains. The girl in the story is Ida Lupino. Raoul Walsh directed. "*High Sierra*" went to the Warner Theatre ten days or so ago

To get rid of the curds - and - whey taste I turned into *High Sierra* at the Warner Theatre. This is a piece of extremely competent professional film making in which Humphrey Bogart is a gangster who tries to reform but can't. Suggested alternative title—*It's Always Too Late to Mend*. The piece has no "total gesture," no moral, and we do not feel the need of one. It is kept going by its own quality of excitement which is very great. It ends with one of the best car chases in the business, and the neat point is made that when it comes to driving at high speed round hair-pin bends, cops are better at holding the road, possibly for the reason that they need keep their eye only on the car in front while the fellow making the get-away has to keep his eye both on the road and the pursuers behind. The chase takes place through magnificent scenery. But there are other reasons why this picture was obviously not made within an afternoon's run of the Hog's Back.

"Jeannie"

Barbara Mullen Plays Aimée Stuart's
Cinderella Heroine for the Screen



(1) *Her Highland home* was poor and her housework endless and hard. Jeannie hated it and her stern old bully of a father (Wilfred Lawson) never let her have any fun. Luckily he died and left her a few hundred pounds



(2) *The first man in her life* is a washing-machine seller called Stanley Smith (Michael Redgrave). Jeannie meets him on her way to Vienna where she goes to taste life on her legacy

(5) *Home again* after her Viennese adventures, Jeannie has to earn her keep once more at the wash-basin. This is where Stanley Smith reappears, to give the story a happy ending



(3) *The second man in her life* is a fascinating Austrian, Count Ehrlich von Wittgenstein (Albert Lieven). She falls in love with him and thinks he is in love with her. He thinks she is an heiress



(4) *Cinderella* buys herself a lovely evening dress and two seats for the opera, and her Prince, the Count, accompanies her. But twelve o'clock strikes when she tells him her money is all spent and she finds his love doesn't stand the news very well

Early last year Aimée Stuart's *Jeannie* and Barbara Mullen in the name part sprang to fame together at the little Torch Theatre in Knightsbridge. Now the simple Cinderella story has been filmed, with Miss Mullen in her original role, Albert Lieven in his, and Michael Redgrave in the steady business man part that Eric Portman created on the stage. Marcel Hellman produced and Harold French directed the film which went to the Leicester Square Theatre last Friday

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Close Quarters (Apollo)

THE characters in the order of their appearance are Liesa Bergmann and Gustav Bergmann. In other words, there are only two, so that it is clear from the word go that the play, which is in three acts of regulation length, will be something of a feat. How will the author accomplish this feat? A tricky business. But there are the steps of unseen characters with dramatic possibilities on the landing outside. There is a newspaper with stark relevant headlines, shoved by an unseen hand through the letter-box. There is the whistle of a police car containing unseen police, who may or may not be bent on the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Bergmann. And there is the unseen subscriber at the other end of the telephone. All of whom, or perhaps in the case of the unseen, one should say all of which, help to relieve the difficult duality of the situation.

A MURDER has been committed in a wood. Who has committed it? All the evidence points to Mr. Bergmann, for Mr. Bergmann

was in the wood at the time, it was not his direct way home, he was openly the declared enemy of the murdered man, and a glove has been found, and Mr. Bergmann has lost one of his gloves. But he was not wearing his gloves on the night in question. Those gloves were being worn by his wife, who was also using his pistol, with which she did the deed. For what reason? Well, she had, as we say in delicate print, given herself to the murdered man, after which he had threatened to tell her husband if she did not divulge political secrets.

These facts leak out through the three acts bit by bit, Mr. and Mrs. Bergmann having it up and down cat and dog until, unseen themselves, they go off to commit suicide, and there are two little plops of sound which may or may not be pistol shots. This, however, is not quite the end for, the wireless having been left on, our ears are rudely startled by an announcement that the owner of the glove,



Flight from the Scene of the Crime

Explanation Scene—Liesa Bergmann (Beatrix Lehmann) and her husband, Gustav Bergmann (Karel Stepanek)

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



which had nothing to do with the murder after all, has been found. Then, as a sort of Appendix B, a female rattles the front door and calls out that she has just found Herr Bergmann's other glove. Whereupon we smile for the last time in the wrong place.



The Clue

THIS unexpected, ill-advised and bathetic ending leaves us wondering whether Mr. and Mrs. Bergmann committed suicide after all. Those two little plops may not have been pistol plops. But if they are still alive, the police will probably track them down all the same, so that the part played in the affair by the glove that wasn't Herr Bergmann's glove is not as ironic as the author would have us believe.

All through there was much that the author would have us believe and that we found believing difficult. I did not believe Mr. Bergmann when he uttered such statements as: "I hated him so much that I almost liked him." Nor do I believe that people behave as dramatically in dramatic situations as Mr. Bergmann and his wife. They take things much more quietly, they do not talk nearly so loud, and even on the Continent, as it used to be called, I doubt whether they fling each other about quite so impulsively and carelessly.

BOTH Miss Beatrix Lehmann and Mr. Karel Stepanek, who compose the company, would do well to let up a little. Miss Lehmann is always at her best when under sinister and rather inhuman control. At the Apollo her bursts of humanity seemed to me like nothing on earth. She was continually losing her moorings and taking chances that didn't come off. Mr. Stepanek was less erratic, but, if he was dynamic, he was also dull. The piece was much better performed some years ago by Miss Robson and Mr. Homolka. Artistically, it was hardly worth reviving. But commercially—well, for a play with only two characters there is always a great deal to be said commercially if you want to say it. Which I suppose I don't.

The New Ambassador's Revue

Mock-Ballet, Opera-Without-Music, Sentiment and Song,
Produced by Mr. Cyril Ritchards



Ballet Burlesque

Roberta Huby and Friih Banbury are pram-pushers in "It Doesn't Mean a Thing," Girls and Corps-de-Ballet in attendance. The ideas and decors for the ballet are by Anna Duse



War-Minded Females

Ernest Thesiger romps through the show in many different costumes. In the picture on the left in "The Amazons" he is seen with Charles Hawtrey, who is in precarious possession of a gun preparing to deal with possible Huns

Below: Friih Banbury, Betty Anne Davies and Roma Milne appear in a decorative early-Victorian number, "Take Her Out of the Album." An opera-without-music, "Violetta," is another of the high spots in this very bright show



Publicity for Charity

Madge Elliott and Roberta Huby do a sketch called "Publicity," depicting a Society beauty playing at war-work. Madge Elliott acts and dances her way brilliantly through the show. "The New Ambassador's Revue," at the Ambassador's Theatre, was reviewed by Mr. Farjeon two weeks ago



Hard-Boiled Bride

Joan Swinstead, who sings "I Obey, But—", has another good number with a universal appeal: "Please Squeeze My Toothpaste from the Bottom, Mr. Price"

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Princess Royal

THE PRINCESS ROYAL has been in the Alnwick district, inspecting members of various ambulance and war-work units up there. The inspection took place at Alnwick Castle, and the Princess arrived with the Duchess of Northumberland (in uniform), Lady Grey (who is President of the Northumberland Branch of the British Red Cross Society), Miss Williamson (County Director of B.R.C.S.), and Miss Kenyon-Slaney, Lady-in-Waiting.

H.R.H. visited the Duchess of Northumberland's hospital supply depot and W.V.S. centre, saw parades of the Red Cross and of the Women's Transport Services, and among people who met her were Miss Mary Runciman, Lady Brackley, Mrs. Bridgeman, and Mr. R. H. C. Coates.

Another Alnwick occasion was a garden fête to raise money for the church. This was opened by Lady Milward, of Heckley House, and over £40 was raised.

Near Bath

LORD BATH opened a garden-party in the grounds of his former home, Widcombe Manor, now lived in by Mr. Horace Annesley



Active Worker for the W.V.S.

Lady Somerleyton has a job which entails hard work and considerable responsibility as organiser for the Women's Voluntary Service in the Lowestoft District of Suffolk, which covers a very large area. She was Miss Bridget Hoare before her marriage in 1924 to Lord Somerleyton, and she and her husband live at Somerleyton Hall, Lowestoft. They have two sons and a daughter

Vachell, the novelist. This was in aid of the Mayor of Bath's Comforts for the Forces Fund, and was organised by Mrs. Robert Pitt, vice-chairman. Mrs. Arnold Davis is the honorary secretary, and was gratefully referred to by Lord Bath in his speech.

Mr. Vachell spoke too. His son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Vachell, has been working for ten hours a day in the garden, to make up for the loss of gardeners claimed by the Forces. He himself had been ill, and obliged to leave the Home Guard, but although it is no longer possible to keep up the whole of the garden, its loveliness proved that he had not been wasting his time.

In Suffolk

AT Moulton Priory, near Bury St. Edmund's, there was a fête in aid of the Moulton and District Nursing Association. Captain and Mrs. E. Fairfax-Lucy, who live at the Priory, lent the grounds, and the fête was opened by Lady Bullough, President of the Association.

All sorts of amusements, of the more or less accepted kinds, included a carnival dress parade by the schoolchildren, and an ankle competition judged by Captain Fairfax-Lucy and Mr. Grafton Pryor, J.P. It was all organised by Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy and a committee, and was a great success. Over £50 was raised. There were stalls, a bran-tub, bowling for coal, darts, hidden treasure and all. It is splendid the way money and fun can be raised at the same time.

Lovely House

LADY JERSEY lives in the old Palace at Richmond, where Queen Elizabeth died. It is beautiful dark-red brick, and Tudor. It is amusing to think that it must have been quite modern, practically just run up for the occasion, when the royal death took place.

Lady Jersey is very clever at furnishing, and has it filled with lovely things—or, rather, has lovely things in it, "filled" sounding crowded, which it isn't.

She is organising the entertainment of Poles on leave, finds them places to stay, and has them to stay herself. The other day there was a party for which girls were needed to help entertain, and she had the good idea of getting the help of the American ambulance drivers, which was a great success.

And Another

CAPTAIN DEREK TANGYE is living in another charming house in Richmond—Cholmondely House, in Friar's Lane, just off the Green, and with paved bits to sit out in back and front. It overlooks the river, and it was originally taken and furnished by Lady Jersey. Mr. Edward Croft-Murray, authority on prints, antiques and interior decorating, had a hand in its arrangement and rearrangement.

Captain Tangye shares it with Mr. Graham White, of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and their many friends have a lovely time visiting them. Mr. Michael



Gloucestershire Christening

Maxine Mhari Gould Broderick was photographed with her parents at her christening in July. She is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Broderick, of Medford House, Mickleton, Gloucestershire. Captain Broderick, who is in the Irish Guards, is the only son of Viscountess Dunsford, and married in 1940 the daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. Page Gourlay

Arlen often goes down, also Mr. Alec Waugh. Mr. Ronald Hyde was there the other day, Miss Helen Graham, and Miss Eve Fane, who brought a nice tabby kitten.

Out Dancing

THIS is an occupation which doesn't abate at all, and the ballet people are among its regular pursuers. Constant Lambert, Margot Fonteyn, Pamela May, Robert Helpmann and Frederick Ashton were all out lately. Hermione Baddeley, too, fitted in a bit before catching a midnight train to Windsor. It is sad the way little cute bits of *Rise Above It* jarred on the Censor and had to be cut out; but it still goes with terrific zoom, a joy to packed audiences.

The Bathurst brothers, sons of Lord Bledisloe, were at the same high-class joint, also Mr. Hannen Swaffer, with hair and cravat mingling in as much profusion as ever and Miss Gladys Calthrop, of stage connection, and author of the novel *Paper Pattern*, of papery texture, but full of tearful laughs.

Far Into the Night

LATE enough, the Nuthouse is a sea of faces, practically floating disembodied in the thickness of the atmosphere. Packed tables impose eel-like manœuvres on those making for the floor, and the kindly half-light of tradition maintains the illusion of aquarium, or, maybe, séance peopled with semi-materialised beings.

Miss Mary Churchill was one of these the other night, also Miss Colquhoun of Luss, Miss Belinda Blew-Jones, Miss Bobbie Greenish and Miss Beatrice Lillie, who is (of course) also Lady Peel. Among supporting young men, were Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, Maxtone Graham of Cultoquhey,

Messrs. Iain Moncreiffe
and David Banks.

In the Daytime

LORD 'CHERWELL, who was out lunching, chose his recently won title from the neighbourhood of Oxford, where he has been known for so long as Professor Lindemann. Lord and Lady Edward Hay were in London on the same day, with a selection of young Hay and Birkin daughters—she was originally Miss Audrey Latham, and her first husband was Tim Birkin, the racing motorist.

Lady Annaly was with her red-haired, growing-up son, and Mrs. Anthony Eden was paying an afternoon visit to *Fantasia*. Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer were at the same showing of the film.

Blithe Spirit very easily bears return visits, and Mr. Cecil Beaton and Lady Diana Duff Cooper were among people giving it one. Also Lady Ravensdale, Miss Joyce Carey and Mr. Richard Greene, the film actor.

One of the enjoyable and "typically Noel Coward" lines in the play is when Kay Hammond says of Joan of Arc, encountered on "the other side": "As a matter of fact, she's rather fun."

Book

REALLY highly-thought-of writing and acting people get their own name used, rather than the actual title of book or play. Thus, "the new Virginia Woolf" is heard oftener than *Between the Acts*.

Someone young remarked that she is already period, meaning that she conveys a quiet atmosphere of leisured afternoons which has been rather broken up lately. The whole of *Between the Acts* takes place on a leisured afternoon in the country, with a village pageant going on. The descriptions of the pageant itself are very funny, and the in-between bits about people being themselves get across the extraordinarily vivid impressions she is so good at. A great pleasure to read.

Reception

THE reception given by Lord and Lady Kemsley in honour of Miss Dorothy Thompson was a great success. A large "Victory V" in red, white and blue flowers hung in the middle of the ballroom at the Savoy, where more than a thousand people gathered.

It was an evening of hats: Miss Thompson's had a wreath of pink flowers; Mrs. Winant's included white flowers and red veiling; Diana Ward's was almost all lace; and Lady Kemsley was in black.

Bob Post and Craig Thompson, of the *New York Times*, were celebrating their farthing damages in the Ramsay case; Brendan Bracken was there, and Sir John Simon. Robert McDermott and his wife, Diana Morgan, were in a party with film producer Michael Balcon and John Clements, whose new film, *Ships with Wings*, is nearly finished.



Family Group in a Surrey Garden

Major John Peto, who is M.P. for the King's Norton Division of Birmingham, married Miss Patricia Macleay Browne in 1934, and they have three little girls, Virginia, Joanna and Sarah. He is the youngest son of Sir Basil Peto, and is serving in the King's Dragoon Guards, and was A.D.C. to the Governor of Bombay from 1929 to 1931. Major and Mrs. Peto are seen with their children in their charming garden in Surrey

Jean Knox, whose short hair is so attractive, was full of vitality; Admiral Muselier was talking to Mr. Pazery, the only Free French journalist over here to write for American papers; and the Eagle Squadron were much in evidence.

Pub Crawl

A BANK-HOLIDAY tour of pubs showed the people in good heart, elbowing each other jollily, talking and singing. The Fitzroy Tavern is a famous one, where an interesting character in earrings plays the piano, and at the Marquis of Granby, in the same neighbourhood, there is a band, nice and cheerful.

The Coffee an' is a club, where coffee and snacks can be had all through the night. It has a licence, too, up to ten, and all sorts of people go there, including Lucien Freud, whose painting is interesting, and who is a grandson of "the" Freud. Another member who paints is Roderick Fenwick Owen, now working with the Friends Ambulance Unit.

Luncheon

MR. HENRY STRASBURGER, Polish Minister of Finance, was guest of honour at a luncheon of the American Chamber of Commerce in London. He and Mr. August Zaleski, Polish Foreign Minister, speak the best English in General Sikorski's Cabinet.

Mr. Strasburger, who used to be Under-Secretary for Commerce and Industry and for Foreign Affairs, as well as Polish High Commissioner in Danzig, made an interesting speech. Mr. Lawrence T. Tweedy was in the chair, and Mr. Drexel Biddle introduced the speaker. He has now got his own Embassy in Berkeley Square, and is helped by Mr. R. E. Schoenfeld as Counsellor and Mr. Franklin C. Gowen as Secretary.



Buckinghamshire Christening

Venetia Mary Lacoste, baby daughter of Captain and Mrs. Gerald Lacoste, of Roughwood Farm, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks., was christened recently, and has Mrs. Eric Gamage (left) and Lady Brougham and Vaux (right) as her godparents. Mrs. Lacoste was Miss Marcia Macoun before her wedding which took place early last summer

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

"The English are Like That"

A BOOK by Philip Carr with this suggestive title is coming out in August in New York. The phrase was used the other night by Mrs. Seton Lindsay who, having gathered a few co-war workers on emerald satin chairs in her cool, white drawing-room ("you'll be quite all right on the fourth floor, Edith," said one of Mayor LaGuardia's budding air raid wardens), took them on to a dance place for the amusement of a young man in the R.A.F. passing briefly from Montreal to Washington. He was modest, handsome and appreciative. Not so the friend who blew up to the table remarking: "Hullo, how are you? I've had a hideous evening at the cinema listening to those ghastly American voices." At which point the hostess covered the airman's blushes and the justifiable "froideur" of her native guests with—"The English are like that." Unfortunately it does not help.

Lord Castlerosse's diatribe to the contrary, the only young Englishman I have run into in New York, other than Owen Roberts who is ferrying planes, is Gerald Savory who wrote *George and Margaret*. He does something or other.

Mrs. Seton Lindsay does a lot. I cannot remember how many mobile kitchens, canteens, etc., her pleading tours have raised. This former Baltimore belle and "best woman to hounds in Harford County, Md.," earmarked one sum for Colonel "Paddy" O'Callahan's unit, his Baltimorean wife being an old Newmarket pal of hers—commenting: "It's the only time I've asked British War Relief to attach a personal label to my 'earnings,' and they were very nice about it."

Tallulah's Lion

PRIOR to touring in a retake of *Her Cardboard Lover*, Miss Bankhead acquired a lion cub which she informed the listening public "could only be called 'Winston Churchill'." Tallulah sounded in husky form at Ilka Chase's *Penthouse Party*, a popular radio feature of which Mrs. ("Vogue") Edna W. Chase's actress daughter presides for Camel cigarettes. One of its best moments was before the war when Elsa Maxwell, as principal guest, enlarged on how to give a successful party. "Only ask amusing people,

vital people, people who contribute grace and gaiety," made the gist, then she prescribed "If you owe anyone a dinner, send it to them."

Nowadays Miss Maxwell is fulminating against the coast-to-coast organisation for entertaining Uncle Sam's Armed Forces. "You are doing it all wrong," she shouts at her friends. "They don't want parlour games and library books, and all the rest of it; they want Girls, GIRLS and then some more GIRLS, and that's what I would provide if I was running it."

Polo Carries On

MEADOWBROOK is one of the few places in the U.S. where a State of Emergency is not self-evident. The same boys (or when not the same, their sons and grandsons) hit and miss in seasonable heat waves. Knowing crowds suck at Coco-cola bottles through straws, while on the Bostwick Field a commentator brings so much efficiency and so little humour to his monologue that I find myself wishing for one chukka (period here) illuminated by the inimitable Major Phipps-Hornby, once heard never forgotten.

Looking at a recent game was old-timer "Jimmy" Cooley who has reserves of enchanting wit—as American as Mark Twain—and whose slouch hats are reputed to be scarecrows' cast-offs. He informed me that Mrs. ("Babs") Tyrell-Martin is arriving at Westbury L.I. from California, to stay with Mr. D. S. ("Grace Line") Iglehart until such time as space can be found for her on a Clipper, Eric-bound.

Then Mr. Byron ("Chrysler") Foy gave me some ginger beer and the somewhat more important war news that his plant alone turns out eleven tanks per day. "This is my Saturday off," he added. Mr. Foy is nice looking, which applies to many American men, and well dressed which is true of few. He has two young daughters whose war guest is class-mate Valerie Soames, Mrs. Vyvyan Drury's daughter. His wife is one of those much-photographed brunettes with a camelia skin, marvellous clothes and even more Poise than Money.

Scottish Relief Shop Opens

THE Scottish Clans Evacuation Plan, an organisation which raises money here among Scots-Americans "to move children

from bombed British cities into the safer areas in the Scottish Highlands," has opened new headquarters and a souvenir shop at 4 East 57th Street, N.Y.C., where tartan ties, sprays of white heather (I don't tell them that we hold it no luck to buy your luck!), Dundee marmalade, butter-scotch and "genuine Scottish shortbread" (contributed by all the best cooks including Miss Elizabeth Burns, formerly of Glasgow) are having their usual Sassenach success.

I have suggested to Mrs. Macneil of Barra of Long Island (who had intended to make Barra the Macneil's hereditary domain, a child sanctuary, but the Government declared it a restricted area) that she should ask firms in Edinburgh and other Scottish cities to export those tartan-covered pocket Burnses and other "wee buikies" which would go over big as Christmas presents. Scots at home w/ ideas for furthering successful trading at New York's latest war shop can write to me c/o THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER.

Questionnaire for Women

THE preliminary blue-green forms which everyone seems to be filling up are giving rise to considerable levity, such as the successive questions: "Do you ride a bicycle... a horse... Have you any previous training in connection with military matters?" American women can take training in any of the following: A.R.W. (Air Raid Warning); Auto-Mechanics; Aviation; Canteen; Child-Care; Dairy Work; Entertaining (this is generally considered vague, and furthermore superfluous, as all American women are entertaining one way or another); Farm Work; Filing; Fire Arms (some of the best women shots in the world are Americans); First Aid (very popular); Food Preparation (so much more imposing than mere cooking); Gardening; Home Hygiene; Medicine; Morse Code; Nutrition; Photography; Public Speaking; Recreation Work; Sewing (contrary to what you may think American women sew beautifully—vide any Red Cross meeting or Bundles for Britain circle); Shorthand; Signalling; Social Service; Typing.

Question 19—"Will you donate to a blood bank if requested," has drawn a million yesses, as has "Will you assist in defence measures if called upon."

Fourth of July

THE anniversary of American Independence is marked by a whole (or Bank as we should say) holiday which fell on a Friday providing Americans with the longest of "English" week-ends, during which they boated, swam, played golf, made munitions (several plants shut only by shifts), fished, and mowed each other down in motor-cars to a total of nearly seven hundred dead.

(Concluded on page 252)



Mrs. Terence G. Preece is the pretty young wife of the English-born polo player who is in Laddie Sanford's team this season. With her is their daughter



Mr. Byron Foy is head of what is now a great U.S. tank plant, and is a son-in-law of the late Walter Chrysler. More about Mr. Foy in Pamela Murray's article above



Mrs. Charles Moore III. and Mrs. Laddie Sanford watched the polo together. Mrs. Moore was Sarah Woodward, and is the daughter of the great American racing man, William Woodward, President of the U.S. Jockey Club

Family Album

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton and Her Sons at Miss Zena Dare's Windsor Home

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton is now living in her mother's house in Windsor Forest, with her two small sons, while her husband is serving in the Coldstream Guards. Miss Zena Dare (the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett) is at present on tour with John Gielgud's production of *Dear Brutus*. Mrs. Thornton works hard at the Communal Feeding Centres in Windsor, where there are an enormous number of evacuees to be looked after. She was Miss Angela Brett before her marriage in 1934, and is a niece of Viscount Esher. She and her husband used to live in Culross Street, W.1.



Woodside Cottage is an attractive modern house with big windows and balconies that are amusing for two small boys to play on. It belongs to Miss Zena Dare, Mrs. Thornton's mother

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Timothy, aged six, and Brian, aged four, are Mrs. Thornton's two boys. In their striped jerseys and short grey pants they play barefoot all day long in the garden at Woodside Cottage



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONCE more the Navy has shown the brasshats and bureaucrats of Whitehall and Bloomsbury the way to do it. The official story of the E-boat attack on Malta was nearly as brilliantly incisive and vigorous as the Bismarck story, which is tops so far.

Don't look round yet, but we imagine the writer of the Bismarck piece, Commander Kenneth Edwards, R.N., of the submarine service, formerly Naval Correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, historian of the Invergordon mutiny—remember it?—and now king-pin of the Admiralty's Press bureau, may be not entirely regretting a plunge he took into the film-jungle in our company some time ago. Whatever may be said about that underworld and its fantastic fauna it certainly braces, in a dizzy way; like living on pink gins to jazz music. It also deprives one permanently of the faculty of wonder or surprise. Having at first been brought up—as who isn't?—all standing, with his bobstay nearly carried away, Commander Edwards got the hang of everything with remarkable speed and efficiency and wouldn't raise an eyebrow now, we guess, if Admiralty wireless reported that La Garbo had eloped in a Navy

bomber with the Dalai Lama and was spraying Berchtesgaden with explosive liqueur chocolates.

Reprieve

FORTUNATELY the Commander mingled during his escapade with reasonable human beings, as the film boys go, and never trod the mazes of the Larger Lunacy like another naval bloke we knew in the racket who used to cry pitifully whenever he saw a beaming clergyman, who reminded him of *Punch*, which reminded him of fun, which reminded him of British film-farce, which brought before his desperate mind's eye an endless procession of frightfully jolly chaps, either debagged already or about to be. He is now enjoying a rest-cure in the chops of the Channel.

Jotters

THOSE diaries of German soldiers which Soviet radio is exploiting are, as we expected, broadly speaking of two kinds, the routine and the Happy Warrior (Nazi version).

The first kind is painstaking and the expression of a totally uninteresting ego. The second kind always seems to Old Uncle Crusty, rightly or wrongly, to have one eye on an eventual publisher.

Siegfried Sassoon remarks somewhere that the temptation to write a little piece in the Happy Warrior vein came to him as well on active service during World War I. He resisted it, like many others who distrust and fear emotionalism. Other chaps, not so shy of these moments of abandon, forbore to tear out the pages next day, blushing modestly, and even shared them with the public.

Those specimens we came across made us supremely uncomfortable, like Rousseau and Amiel and Marie Bashkirtseff, but to do them justice none of the last-war boys went as far in their attacks of spiritual nudism as La Bashkirtseff, whose famous cry, "Oh, God, give me the Duke of Hamilton!" is a warning to girls to keep away from pens and ink (the things girls publish!).

Discomfort of this kind is not awakened in our sensitive bosom by the self-revelations of St Augustine, Pepys, James ("Boss") Agate, Sassoon,



"Why do I want to join the R.A.F.?
Oh, because I owe so much to so many"

Mr. Turner, of East Hoathly, Sussex, and one or two more. Maybe it's because they're never self-conscious, especially Boss Agate and Mr. Turner, a merry eighteenth-century grocer who liked helling round with the village parson and his friends and certainly never kept his diary for publication. Nor does the Boss, and how all that sparkling self-communion manages to get into print once a year is one of Life's enigmas we're long since tired of trying to solve.

Suspicion

BARGING manfully into the diet racket and fearless of assassination by Harley Street thugs, some scientist or other has discovered that wild-rose hips are a rich source of Vitamin C and should be on every British family menu.

This attempt to make the Island Race rose-minded sounds charming on the face of it, but may—a don warned us last week—equally be a dirty crack at the Race, cunningly disguised. If you remember the well-known case of one Lucius Apuleius, who was turned into a hairy ass by a witch in Thessaly some years ago, he was able to regain human shape after many unfortunate adventures only by eating roses offered him by a priest of Ceres.

Then my deforme and assie Face abated, and first the rugged haire of my body fell off, my thick skin waxed soft and tender, the hoves of my feet changed into toes . . . my long eares were made little; my great and stonie teeth waxed lesse, like the teeth of men (etc.).

It isn't for the likes of us to probe a scientist's mind, even with blouse, mask, and gloves on, but it certainly looks at first sight as if the boy was playing us all up. Contrariwise, one must consider the loathly ignorance of scientists, who are not likely to have read one of the world's best adventure stories, and if they did would probably dismiss it as untrue. Yet only a few months ago a well-known Test and County cricketer suddenly regained human shape after eating a spoonful of roseleaf jam—that delicious confection you used to be able to get in tins from a Greek grocer in Soho—and has refused his nosebag ever since, to the great wonderment and joy of

(Concluded on page 230)



"Ten miles as the crow flies, he said"

Red Cross Tennis

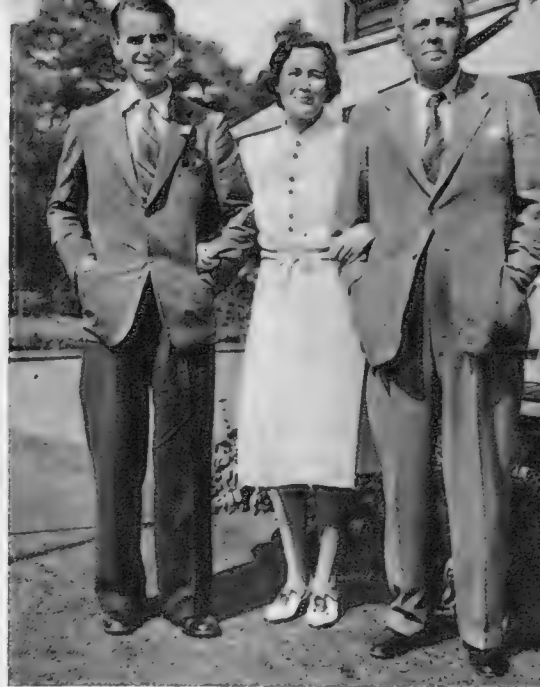
Hard Court Matches at
Bournemouth on Bank Holiday



Red Cross officials watching the tennis were Viscountess Frankfort de Montmorency, vice-president of the Bournemouth Division of the B.R.R.C., and Mrs. Durrant, Divisional Secretary for Bournemouth. Lady Frankfort is the widow of the fourth and last Viscount, who died in 1917



A year married are Lieut. Peter Halford, R.N., and his wife, formerly Mary Whitmarsh, ex-Surrey tennis champion and tennis International. Lieut. Halford, now a Fleet Air Arm pilot, has represented Great Britain at ice hockey since 1935



More watchers were Captain Philip Glover, R.N., Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Glover's father, Sir Leonard Lyle, M.P. for Bournemouth since June 1940. He has just started tennis again after his recent severe illness. Captain Glover, who is at the Admiralty, is the Navy's lawn tennis champion. He and his wife had a son not long ago

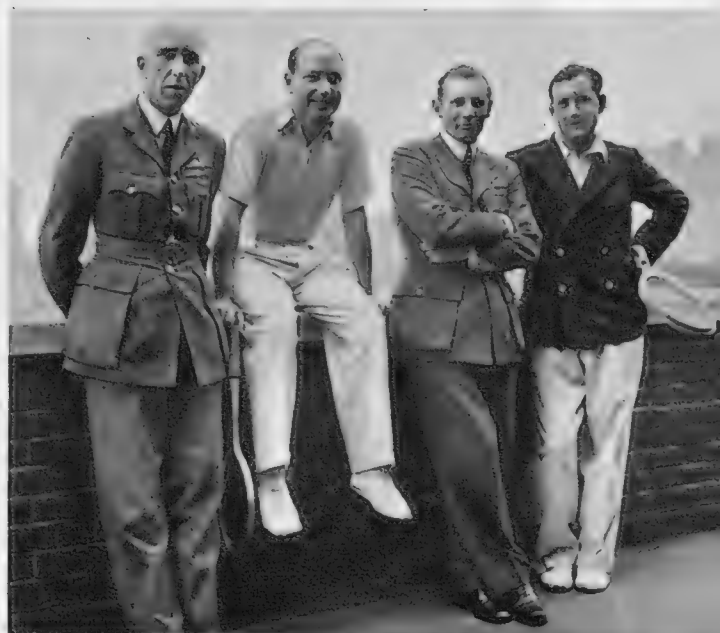
Photographs by D. R. Stuart

Right: Captain Fisher, Welsh Guards, Mrs. John Spencer, Lieut. John Spencer, Welsh Guards, Mrs. Michael Menzies (Kay Stammers), whose husband is in the same regiment, were with Mr. Nigel Sharpe, organiser of the Red Cross matches and a British International player



Laughing at a missed smash were Miss Margot Stewart, Dorset champion, Gilbert Clayton, who recently left Wellington to go into an aircraft factory, and Miss Jean Nicoll. Miss Nicoll, playing with Kay Menzies, beat Mme. Mathieu and Billie Yorke by 2 sets to 1

Right: Four R.A.F. players were Wing Commander C. W. Carleton, Flight-Lieut. John Oliff, Sq.-Ldr. Cam Malfroy, and Flight-Lieut. Daniel Maskell. Malfroy, the New Zealand Davis Cup player, and Maskell, ex-professional champion of Great Britain, played the match of the day, Maskell winning 8-6, 7-5. 2000 spectators turned up at the West Hants Club, and £700 was made for the Red Cross



Mme. Simone Mathieu, the French champion, is giving her services for Red Cross exhibition matches. She is Commandant of the Free French Corps Feminin

Standing By ...

(Continued)

his relatives, who were sick of tossing him carrots and lumps of sugar. See *The Lancet* for October 15th, 1940, "Auntie Joy's" gossip-page, next to the French pictures.

Dish

IF dining-cars are shortly withdrawn for the duration from British railways, as the *Daily Mail* predicts, what epicures will chiefly miss is our old friend the fish course, that slim oblong of *suprême de barbue Chemise de Grandpère, sauce Colle*, which has made British railways celebrated the world over. Unchanging as the final *bombe* in French restaurant cars, this flaccid strip of brill tasting of old flannel nightshirts served with billstickers' paste has been the

constant delight of gourmets even more than the *macédoine de fruits à la Boîte en Fer Blanc* which traditionally ends the repast. Our information is that the G.W.R. chef, Hégésippe Taguele, invented brill, which is never seen off a railway, also the fruit course, cutting himself severely on the can during the process and receiving the plaudits of the Travelling Wine and Food Society Committee of that period (circa 1870) with a gracious wave of a bandaged hand. A flushed and tiny member who shouted "Garbage!" was thrown off the train at Leeds, adds the aged epicure who gives us this information.

Brill, a mystery fish, is born and bred on trains, so far as we can discover. Somewhere at big rail centres like Euston and Crewe and York it spawns in huge special tanks on wheels, greeted and encouraged by fifty porters clashing milk-cans and a hundred guards blowing whistles. It is pale and oblong from birth, 2 inches by

4 inches, and if it has any flavour but that of flannel it dies.

Lesson

ONE subsidiary advantage of firing lazy and inefficient farmers, as War Agricultural Committees are increasingly doing, is that it is all helping to educate the City slicker, who perceives to his astonishment that the stuff you see in the country doesn't grow of itself.

There are slickers who motor through Arcadia at week-ends and never give the land a glance, and there are other slickers who buy a week-end cottage and think they can order Nature about, like the woman novelist of whom Mr. W. J. Blyton, the eminent agriculturist, told a story recently. This sweetheart, having bought a house because of the beauty of the billowing cornfield sloping under her away windows, was excessively annoyed the following year when the view turned out to be a sea of ugly roots. The farmer explained to her the necessity for the rotation of crops. This conveyed nothing to a Nature fan, so she paid him to grow corn every season henceforth. The result was that his weakened and almost exhausted land may soon be fit for growing nothing at all, and serve him right if he gets the sack, amid the uncouth guffaws of the rural population for miles around.

Humility is the thing when you approach the oldest and noblest manual occupation in the world. To judge by the flaffa of some visitors to Arcadia, you'd still think the Industrial Revolution was in full blast of roaring prosperity and only "poor whites" grew anything. Arcadians who have always kept shot guns for the purpose of discouraging this attitude can now blame the Home Guard.

Gesture

FIGHTING bulls at Denver, Colorado, declined to perform with visiting Mexican matadors the other night under artificial lighting, and every fellow-member of the theatrical profession to whom we've mentioned it thinks they were right.

Nocturnal corridas in the big Spanish rings, Seville, Madrid, Barcelona, are—correct us if wrong—recognised as second-rate shows, employing elderly espadas, loth to cut off their sacred pigtailed and retire, and youthful novices working their way to stardom, and sometimes yielding so far to frivolity as to include in the programme a charlotada, or interlude of Charlie Chaplin clowns. You'd as soon find a star matador or a Miura bull working under the electric arcs in such company as find, say, Mr. Vic Oliver halfway down the programme at Tooting Bec Empire. It would seem that the matadors visiting Denver weren't quite quite. The bulls showed a nice care for their reputation in that case.

Whether star matadors as a class are more jealous than prima-donnas and eminent actors and Cabinet Ministers and leading booky girls and R.A.s and B.B.C. announcers and other public entertainers has never been finally decided. Their little brother in Art the Performing Flea is an example to them all, such is his (or her) self-sacrificing modesty and willing teamwork. Meanwhile it was Seymour Hicks, we believe, who once suavely suggested, to pacify a vociferous sweetheart who thought she was entitled to be billed "—AND Miss So-and-So," that the management might make it "—BUT."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"At 2 a.m. this mornin', sir, I found the prisoner in a café in the Arab Quarter. 'E said 'e was conductin' moppin'-up operations, sir, and if I tried to stop 'im he'd ruddy well become a pocket of resistance"



Feminine charm still welcomes the relaxation of colour in a world of khaki and blue. Age-old beauty of needlecraft must be preserved through troublous times for a brighter future. With its thoughts of the past, this colourful page is a reminder that D. & N. Products, although largely devoted now to the Services, continue to complement the brave gaiety of woman with lovely threads of quality — encouraging and inspiring. The mark of the Cross and the Castle on knitting, embroidery, and mending yarns is the needlewomen's assurance of the highest quality and satisfaction.

Details of D. & N. Products in wartime will be found on the next page.

D & N PRODUCTS

for the craftswoman in needlework



Busy women find odd moments to make their needlework grow apace

WE speak of "needlework" but more rightly think of "needlecraft" when we consider the beautiful tapestries of the ancient queens, the lovely and useful embroidery and knitting of today. There is solace, edification, and an outlet for feminine artistry in plying a fine needle, the crochet hook or knitting pins — and, where needlework has been recognised as the craft it really is, only the highest quality materials are employed.

Why use the best in days of strict economy?

The beginner may feel that cheap materials will save waste if the work is not a great success, but practice proves that really good materials are the first step to success — mediocre performance with fine quality threads or yarns often giving a better final effect than the expert use of cheap knittings that lack the elasticity so necessary for smooth working, or poor embroidery threads too stubborn to control. The best you can buy more than pays in the end.

How can you judge quality as against price?

The best is not always the most expensive — good knitting yarns and mendings have "life" and elasticity, yet feel soft to handle. In embroidery thread, seek smoothness, or your work will never look good. D. & N. Products never let you down.

Needlecraft in wartime. Knit for the services, make clothes for the needy — but what of those beautiful things women loved in more peaceful times? Continue your needlecraft. A sober world looks to its womenfolk for gay smartness, relief of colour, the morale-raising outlook that there are still pleasant things and life is not entirely deadly serious for the duration! Keep your knitting pins and embroidery needles going in bright work — a relaxation for you and an encouragement to others.

Rationing of Wools — Handknitting versus coupons. Wool is limited. Really good knitting yarns wash splendidly if treated with the care they deserve and they will not develop in wear those irritating little "balls" of fluff which spoil the spruceness of your woollie. Remember, too, a handknit is the most expensive to buy but the cheapest form of woollie to make, and takes less coupons.

Making the right start in knitting and embroidery. Decide on the best and most reliable threads — choose classic rather than fancy garment styles — good colouring and beauty of stitch. In embroidery, too, watch your colour harmony. Alterations in size are easily effected

by understanding "tension". Instruction leaflets are fewer today and maybe the style you like is in too small a size — or you need a little more room front or back. Work out the extra number of stitches needed for your extra width, allowing half at each side. With an all-over pattern, you can knit these extra stitches plain and detract little, if any, from the appearance of the made-up garment.

Finish — the alpha and omega of good needlecraft.

"Finish" makes all the difference to the completed article. In knitting, arrange joins at the ends of rows. Press each completed piece — not iron it! Too many woollies are distorted by rubbing with too hot an iron. Use only warm, with a handkerchief between it and the work, and move the iron very little while resting on the work. Get firm steady pressure over every part in turn. The ironing principle of pushing the iron across the surface can, however, be very useful to force the knitting to somewhat wider and shorter dimensions (or vice versa).

Press raised patterns very lightly on the back of the work. Embroidery needs only very light pressing from the back — unless your work is very irregular. Then some improvement may be effected by ironing on the right side, followed by firm pressing on the wrong side to raise the pattern. Use a soft, thick ironing pad underneath.

Wear and Care. Finally, don't spoil good needlework by careless usage. Wash often in lukewarm soap flakes and plenty of rinsing waters of the same temperature. Never rub, and never lift handknits while heavy with water. Squeeze, roll in a towel and dry flat. When partly dry, shake carefully and turn over. Embroidery may be rolled lightly in a clean towel and pressed before quite dry.

Needlecraft with D. & N. Products — a creation to justify pride.



Many first-rate needlewomen nowadays have only time to work when travelling — but they produce some lovely things!

As always, D. & N. Products still provide service, style, craft leadership, and unsurpassed quality. D. & N. unshrinkable knitting yarns and colourful embroideries inspire the beginner and prove themselves in wear — a joy to the hands of the craftswoman. Whatever the difficulties of supply, Dunbar & Nairn still consider it a privilege to serve. Here is their wartime list of knitting and crochet yarns, embroideries

and mendings: —

Castle Nursery, Super Fingering, Holdfast Service Knit, Donspey Crochet; Dondale Embroideries, Cracker Wool Mendings, also Cotton and Mercerised Mendings.

There are over 1,000 high-class stockists of D. & N. Products ready to serve, and, if needs be, to advise you. Their names may be had, together with samples, colour fringes, etc., from

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C.M. 1.11.

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Our Meeting

OUR Meeting took place in the lounge of Our Hotel. The lecturer had already delivered his address in Our Village Hall during the afternoon. This was an informal gathering where questions could be asked, possible disciples get together, the already converted sit looking entranced at every spoken word, and the representative from headquarters give an address and confound the Doubtful.

Unfortunately for him, the first question took him immediately out of his depth. Our Intellectual asked it. However, he did not sink alone. We all sunk together. I think the query had something to do with the Stone Age, and, like so many people, our religion mostly starts from Christ, and our history from Queen Elizabeth. Anything previous to those events is one long blur, with just a few high spots. Happily, the lecturer was an expert at answering questions. He hedged in the beginning, and then flew off at a tangent. Our Intellectual subsided.

The meeting continued. We learnt that we were the Chosen Race. We had been lost, but we were now being tracked down. If you messed about with the letters of the word "India," or "Syria," or even "Russia," rearranging them, you got quite a lot of proof. The Great Pyramid helped a lot, too. Best of all, we Britishers possessed by nature, so we were told, just those qualities which belong to a Divine Choice. We are peace-loving, justice-loving, kindly, comparatively pure and indubitably holy. At least, we are if we belong to the Elect. Our lecturer knew exactly who they were.

So we all tried to look as if we had been elected, though most of us didn't actually belong to this society who hoped by the end of the evening to rope us in as members. Nevertheless, we did our best. We hoped

Our Intellectual had subsided for the evening, but were nervous, since she appeared to be seething. But then, she is a Pole, and the lecturer didn't seem certain if Poles are really among the Elect. The Latin races certainly are not; nor, of course, the Germans. Nevertheless, it created a quieter atmosphere when the lecturer left history and, backed up by Books of the Bible, which many of us had never read, grew eloquent in prophecy. It is unsatisfying to be among the Elect and not quite know for what you are divinely elected. Our instructor knew exactly the why and wherefore. We are to inherit the earth!

The date of this glorious opportunity is uncertain, but, what he was quite certain of, Christ will return at any hour after the end of 1941. Moreover, He will return as a real King. Immediately, all those who are dead will rise again—billions and billions and billions of them. At the same time, the Sheep will be separated from the Goats, though the Goats may become Sheep if they turn from the error of their unbelief. Kindness will sweep over the world. The Elect will apparently have all they want, but their co-elected will still spend their lives being kind to them. I can't think how they'll do it, but undoubtedly we shall all, metaphorically speaking, be bringing fresh eggs to established poultry-farmers.

This New World

ALTHOUGH we shall die—as I discovered from an answer to my own question—we shall live for a thousand years, and then rise up again. There will also be birth; since in one of the pictures he painted for us were a lot of children happily at play. I'm afraid we shall all be terribly crowded, but, probably by then we shall be able to annex a star. You see, all the wicked will still be here, though the lecturer seemed a little

uncertain as to how to combine condign punishment for their offences with the universal change of heart which will take place when Christ once more is an earthly King. At long long last, however, everybody will either be good and alive, or bad and dead. Happily they will be given their choice, and that choice is Belief. Nothing else apparently mattered.

It all sounded most easy and satisfactory. Only Our Intellectual sat in gloom: Perhaps, she felt, as I did, that this kind of millennium sounded as if it might quickly lead to the "dopiness" of getting nowhere. Especially should I hate the crowds. Living hourly in fear of revealing some need which would bring a thousand kind hearts to my succour. No seclusion; no privacy; no enjoyment of just a little sadness. Nothing to fight; nothing to endure; nothing to conquer. Unless, per lucky chance, a stray heathen came my way. And, even then, twenty billion loving hearts, with nobody who needed loving, would, I feel certain, catch a glimpse of him from afar.

I thought of the metaphorical twenty billion houses wherein the loving hearts will be beating, and my mind quailed, because, we were told, this main radiation of love would shine forth from the British Isles, and nowhere else. I think I shall prospect the North Pole; unless, of course, I am killed off as an unconvertible heathen! For, although I don't particularly object to crowds—they can be very amusing—I do like to be able to keep myself to myself when the sound of a human voice, the sight of a human face, makes me want to scream. I don't want a house with an ever-open door, unless there is a padlock in my bedroom. A garden which is overlooked is no garden to me. Anything resembling a party is anathema on my spirits. The bore, however much a staunch believer, is not the one to whom I would willingly lend a latch-key. Honestly, it sometimes makes a nice change when the wicked drop in to tea, doesn't it? At least one has some little thing in common with them, doesn't one? I know I have. Lots of little things. It all makes for a congenial atmosphere, I find.

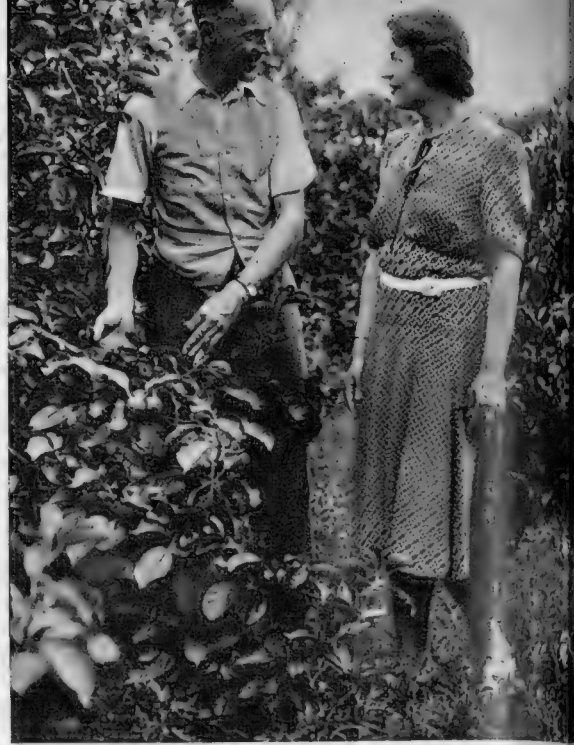
So, perhaps, if the wicked are all gathered together in a herd, they won't have such a bad time—loving and quarrelling, fighting

(Concluded on page 236)



"The Volunteer Worker"—Donald Duck Gives His Services as a War Savings Canvasser

Donald Duck is one of the most distinguished helpers in the big Summer Savings Group drive of the National War Savings Campaign. In response to an appeal from his representatives here, Walt Disney agreed to make a three-and-a-half-minute film as contribution to Britain's war effort. "The Volunteer Worker" has Donald making house-to-house and person-to-person calls on behalf of a Savings Group, generally with success, but sometimes finding himself in the gutter with a slammed door behind him. The music-track of the film was sent from America in duplicate, in two different ships, both of which were sunk. A third track finally crossed the Atlantic by bomber in the diplomatic bag, by special request of Lord Kindersley to Lord Halifax. Donald Duck's war work is now being shown at some 4000 cinemas all over the country



Apple Blossom Turns to Fruit—Mr. and Mrs. Neame Inspect the Same Tree in May and July

Spring and Summer

Miss Astra Desmond, the Famous Singer, and Her Husband, Mr. Tom Neame, in the House and Gardens of Their Beautiful Kentish Home, Colkins, near Faversham



Writing is Another of Miss Desmond's Accomplishments



Miss Astra Desmond Puts in Some

Miss Astra Desmond, probably our best-known English singer, has three sons, two of whom are now serving with the Royal Air Force, but she is equally brilliant as a Lieder and ballad singer. She has lived and works of Grieg and Dvořák, and has recently been singing with the Alexandra Choir in Beethoven's Ninth Concert on August 19th. Her husband's family have been an active member of agricultural and horticultural societies in Kent Fruit Growers. His brother, General Sir Philip Neame



Tomatoes and Mr. Neame

The chairman of the Kent Fruit Growers is the possessor of a fine crop of tomatoes, worth their weight in gold these days



Tulips in Spring—They Are Decorative in the House as Well



Practice in the Music Room

contralto, is married to Mr. Tom Neame, and the Forces. Oratorio is Miss Desmond's speciality, singer. She has made an extensive study of the recently written articles on both composers. She performed the Choral Symphony at the Albert Hall Promenade in Kent for generations, and he himself is chairman of the V.C., was taken prisoner in Cyrenaica in April



Lilies Do Well in the Garden at Colkins, in Kent

With Silent Friends

(Continued.)

and snapping-back, and trying to do each other down or play each other up, having their good moments, struggling to be better, succeeding and failing, and succeeding again and failing again; but altogether tempestuously alive. More or less, in fact, as we live at present—until somebody tries to give us a New World; that New World which so seldom proves very satisfactory and invariably destroys those qualities in the old world which made life pleasant and comparatively care-free. Come to think of it dispassionately, progress in surgery and main-drainage are just about the two best things which modern civilisation has accomplished as a permanence. They at least have no snags attached to them, and to these I would perhaps add electricity. A noble trio!

Visit to America

READING the Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Citrine's interesting book, *My American Diary* (Routledge; 5s.), I was struck by two aspects of American life with which I should certainly have little in common. Chief among them, perhaps, the fact that most of the new houses possess no privacy whatsoever. Occasionally a dividing wire between one small garden and another, but nothing else. I should hate that. For where is there any rest in a garden when every passer-by can prophesy that the afternoon is going to be wet? It isn't that I am a kind of domestic isolationist, so much as the fact that I have a desire from time to time to be alone. But there is no fun in being alone if you have to take out the car and drive ten miles to seek seclusion. Worst of all, the people who

live in these houses not only do not miss any chance of seclusion, but consider those who have the daring to plant a high hedge all round their domain eccentric, or deliberately unfriendly.

Another aspect would be the fact that roughly nine people out of every ten own a car. There aren't many pleasant sides to this war, but let us not forget the few there are. And chief of these is surely the silence and new-found loneliness of the country roads and lanes. One seems to have got back to the England of dreams, though it be mainly on foot or on a bicycle. England, for a long, long time has rarely looked so English or so lovely. One has the modern road-surface without the modern traffic. For me, at any rate, it is a joy. There are not many simple ones left, but this undoubtedly is one of them.

Let me get back, however, to Sir Walter's American diary. It is the graphic account of his recent trip to America, where he lectured on the cause of Britain in this war and to trade unionists the world over. To a certain extent it is old news, but nevertheless it is important since it traces the now rapid expansion of American help in every kind of war-material from a disappointing kind of lethargy to the vigour and drive of the present output. And for this Sir Walter himself can share some of the glory. His speeches and lectures on British courage and endurance under the hammer-blows of the Huns; his explanation of British needs and the extreme urgency of their satisfaction, undoubtedly helped to wake up the United States to the danger which threatened not only us but also the whole American continent. His account of various visits to American manufactories of planes and other war-equipment is remarkably interesting. He had exceptional opportunities, of course, to inspect these places and also to

meet leading American statesmen and businessmen; including President Roosevelt. As a side-line, so to speak, there is the description of his inspection of the so-called "lie-detector" and his meeting with its inventor. On the whole, the experiment doesn't seem to have been a failure alas! though let us hope it is not "perfected" in the future. Life would be too awful if every "not at home" were scientifically tested, and "Pleased to meet you" died as a polite fib almost before the smile of polite greeting faded.

But, politics apart, much of the interest of the book lies in Sir Walter's description of American life and customs which, as this is a diary, fill so many of its pages. Little seemed to have escaped his observation and he brings to every novelty of difference an eager curiosity without one hint of prejudice. The ideal traveller's literary equipment, it seems to me.

German Horror

AMONG the other books I have read this week, Bruno Heilig's *Men Crucified* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.) stands out vividly, hauntingly, in its stark horror of German brutality, vindictiveness and cruelty. It is the record of the writer's experience in Nazi concentration camps where he was sent, not only as a political prisoner, but as a Jew. The author, a well-known journalist, was arrested the day after the Germans marched into Austria. Carted from prison to prison he was eventually put into the concentration camp at Dachau. Eventually, after a period at Buchenwald, he was released and escaped to this country.

His is a horrible tale of what appears to be the accuracy of unvarnished truth. But it should be read by everyone who still retains any tender feelings towards the vast majority of the Germans, especially the German youth. Their calculated cruelties—they had been especially trained for this sole purpose—are so revolting that they scarcely bear writing about. No wonder so many of their prisoners commit suicide or are driven mad. As a true story of human beastliness at its peak I have read nothing like it. The author's piteous cry at the end: "Some day we shall be free" only adds to its poignancy. Moreover, the soberness and unaffected way in which the story of these actual experiences is written only add to its moving qualities. Bracing your nerves you should read this remarkable human document.

A Thriller

"MAGNET FOR MURDER," by Beryl Symons (Herbert Jenkins; 7s. 6d.), is a super-excellent detective story with at least one character-study—that of Jane Carberry—to lend it real distinction. You may like or dislike her—therein lies Miss Symons' cleverness—but she is the pivot of a really good story.



W. Dennis Moss

A Christening at Bibury Court

Christopher Money, baby son of Sec.-Lieut. and Mrs. David Money, was christened from Bibury Court, the Gloucestershire home of Sir Orme Clarke, Bt. His father is the eldest son of Major-General Sir Arthur and Lady Money, and his mother was Miss Diana Stone before her 1938 wedding. In this group, besides Mr. and Mrs. Money and their protesting son, are Sir Orme and Lady Clarke, Major-General Sir Arthur and Lady Money and Miss Money, the Rev. and Mrs. Seymour Metford and Miss Seymour Metford, the Rev. and Mrs. Spurrier, Miss Stone, Miss Dowling, Miss Bolland, Miss Bishopp, Miss Stuart Pain, Miss Allen

*Less Kia-Ora there may be;
but not less good Kia-Ora.*

KIA-ORA

"Good Health!"



Lemon, Orange, Grapefruit, Lime Juice Cordial 2/6. Orange Barley, Lemon Barley 2/3

THEY WHO LOOK AHEAD



"Now the old Lion, with her Lion Cubs at her side, stands alone against hunters who are armed with deadly weapons and impelled by desperate and destructive rage but this is not the end of the tale. The Stars in their courses proclaim the deliverance of mankind. Not so easily shall the onward progress of the peoples be barred; not so easily shall the lights of Freedom die."

Mr. Winston Churchill in a broadcast to America on receiving the hon. degree of Doctor of Laws of Rochester University, U.S.A. June 16th, 1941.

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The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

Blast!

By H. T. W. Bousfield

Illustrations by Alex. Jardine

It was my night off duty—Home Guard, you know—and I thought I'd have a quiet dinner in the restaurant belonging to my inexpensive block of flats and make an early night of it. We're short-handed in the office, and I'm not so young actually as I tell myself I feel. But George Franklin arrived before I could get up to my bed-sitting room—for no reason except that he had been to a wedding and had had rather too much indifferent champagne. Unfortunately he knows me well enough to ignore any sort of hint that I should prefer to be alone.

"Don't worry about me," said George. "I don't want any dinner. I suppose you've had yours—must have; nearly nine o'clock. I had so many sandwiches and so much cake and stuff at that wretched girl's wedding reception, I don't care if I never see food any more. I just thought I'd look in on you on my way home. I should like a whisky and soda, though, and if you've got the usual supply in your room, we might go up. Then you can go to bed, according to plan, and by the time I've had my drink you'll be nicely tucked up and I'll be on my way again. No trouble to you at all."

I looked at him. "George, I believe you're tight."

"That's my belief, too," said George. "Or rather I think I was tight, but now I need no more than a clean drink to stave off the aftermath of that champagne. Do you know, in spite of the increased activity in our ship-building yards, the kind of champagne that is very properly reserved for launching cruisers is now being used also to launch brides? I should never have believed any old friend of mine could have insulted me with such muck."

I took him upstairs, and then the sirens went.

"Haden't you better go home," I suggested, "before the blitz begins?"

"Not till I've had my drink."

But the drink was hardly poured out before the blitz did begin, and there were no half-measures about it that night.

"I think I may as well have another," said George after a deep draught. "I feel better already, and even you could hardly turn an uninvited guest out into this din."

I proceeded to prepare myself for bed.

"Go ahead," I said, "but when that bottle is empty you will not find another. Also, I mean to get some sleep."

"Can I speak therefore without fear of interruption?" asked George.

"You can."

"Then," said George, "I shall tell you the story of my life."

"Don't bother," I said, getting into bed. "I know all about it."

"You know nothing about it," said George. "I didn't myself till just now. I thought the whole thing out on my way here specially to tell you. Do you suppose that was a bomb or one of our guns? Don't bother to answer."

I didn't.

"My life," said George, pulling the whisky bottle nearer, "my life has not been altogether satisfactory—to anyone as critical as I am, I mean. I am a good citizen, and I have always tempered idleness with enough occupation to save me from—er—idleness. You see, I was eighteen in 1918, and as I had been brought up to believe it wrong to tell stories, I took no heroic steps to become a soldier during the last war. I wasn't even really a bright young person in 1919 and onwards, because I'd never been either shell-shocked or a conscientious objector. So I'd nothing to swank about. Still, I had a fairly good time on my fairly good income."

"You know, Charles, I've always given a certain amount of attention to the family business, and I learned a bit about it, and the thing has gone on and rather more than kept me in cigarettes and such. Examining the past as I do now, I'll still flatter myself I've led a normal life, and if you call it useless I shall call you a prig. Because you had to work. Isn't that a fact, Charles?"

"Shut up," I said.

"It is a fact. And who could have expected me to waste my spare time in becoming a Territorial? I ask you: Who? You don't answer, Charles, because you know I had no wish to exalt myself in any County set by sweating about in a uniform no sane man imagined he would ever have to wear seriously. Because we'd made the world safe for Democracy; hadn't we, Charles?"

"All right; don't answer."

"Well, I wasn't a Territorial, but when the late Mr. Chamberlain started flying, umbrella and all, out to see Hitler, I got a bit windy and I joined—yes, I did, Charles—the Army Officers' Emergency Reserve."

"Can you believe it? I'd been in the O.T.C. at Harrow, but with due respect to one's old school one does not learn all the secrets about strategy and tactics in that manner."

"Still, it was a clever way of dodging being conscripted as a common soldier, wasn't it, Charles?"

I said: "Shut up."

"I will not shut up

until this decanter is empty. Gott! Vos dot a bompf? It vos. Well, I've been prancing round for many months feeling I've been doing my bit because I was a member of the A.O.E.R. I had a letter from the War Office to prove it.

"So what?" you ask, Charles, in your uncouth and elderly way.

"I'll tell you what. I attended a medical board just before I attended to-day's deplorable wedding where the guests—even guests who had provided quite expensive wedding-presents—were fobbed off with champagne hardly good enough to launch a reconditioned tramp. And that medical board, after pulling me about and thumping me here and everywhere, just threw me out. I told them my handicap at golf was four. I told them—chucking modesty to the winds—just how good a shot I am at high pheasants. No use.

"The Army doesn't want me, Charles, at forty-one, even though I can prove I've never been a soldier before. Even though I can prove that I know nothing about anything—except the correct composition of an old-fashioned."

It is no use pretending to be asleep when George is addressing a public meeting. I was the public meeting. I said: "For God's sake shut up. I'm tired."

"Thank you," said George. "I knew you'd agree with me. Now, do not think I at once intend to apply for a job in your crowd of crows. I'm not keeping you awake because I want you to use your influence with old Brigadier-General Methuselah to get me a bow-and-arrow and put me in the Home Guard. Because I shall probably have to join it to-morrow, anyway."

"Let me thump this table—I want to say that I'm going all heroic and I want to be a soldier."

"If you don't shut up and go away," I

(Concluded on page 252)



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The New Leger

THE proposals by the Stewards of the Jockey Club to move the winning post on the Manchester course, where the race is due to be run on September 6th, is an eminently sensible one, for not only will it give the field time to find its legs before having to make the quite sharp turn out of the straight, but it will shorten the trying bit of the journey from the 5-furlong post in. From the final turn into the straight to the W.P. the ground rises 6 ft. which at the end of 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards entails a bit of hard work all against the collar.

Manchester is not Doncaster and I think that it would be wise to remember this fact. Doncaster is dead level all the way as near as makes no matter: Manchester is not. Some people have ere now, called it an "easy" course; but I have never quite understood why. The long distance start has just been mentioned; it is almost on a quite sharp turn; the 1 mile start is very close to another turn, an easier one admittedly, and the 6 furlong straight has the last five uphill.

It is always difficult to dogmatise how any horse will perform on any course whose contours differ from one upon which he may have performed with distinction, but on a rough reckoning, I should say that to win over the Leger distance at Doncaster would be an easier job than to win over the same distance at Manchester.

The Form Horse

OWEN TUDOR is the form horse, for he won the Derby quite easily by a length and a half from the most consistent of all this year's three-year-olds, little Morogoro. That one and a half length may, and I think does, mean 6 lb. Firoze Din, who was third two lengths behind the grey, may be as much as 12 lb. worse than Owen Tudor and Devonian, who was fourth, anything beyond a stone worse. Of the rest of the field it is almost impossible to think: the favourite, Lambert Simnel roth, that boosted thing Sun Castle not in sight, ditto Orthodox, Chateau Larose all backed, all disgraced.

It is a bit puzzling all round. The winner (25 to 1) completely reversing previous form, which had rather put him in the corner; none of the others, bar that champion Morogoro, owned by the senior Maharani Saheb of Kolhapore, the first Indian lady ever to have been represented

him. I am not one of the people who take the view that but for interference he would have won. He was probably a well-beaten horse at least a furlong from home. He never looked like a winner.

The King's 1942 Derby Winner

THE best turf news of the moment is that Big Game is to be given an easy, and is not to run again this season "for some time." There is no reason to read anything sinister into this announcement, for it is the only sensible thing to do. Fred Darling knows all that he needs to know, and he would be quite justified in advising his Royal patron to authorise him to put this honest performer away till next year.



A Lorry-Load of Farmers

Members of the Bucks., Berks., Beds. and Middlesex War Agricultural Committees and members of the Ministry of Agriculture visited the Hunts. Committee to see the reclaimed land in the Woolley Hills, on which the first harvest will soon be reaped. In this lorry-load of visitors and hosts are W. R. Monk (Bucks.), G. Leaton (Hunts.), H. J. Humphreys (chairman, Beds. Committee), W. Gavin (Agricultural Adviser, Ministry of Agriculture), the Duke of Norfolk (Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, and also President of the Young Farmers' Club), Lord Sandwich (Hunts.), Major Probyn (chairman, Hunts. Committee), Lord Addison (chairman, Berks. Committee)

in the classics, showing even a glimmering of anything that they had done before. We have got to stand on the winner's form and disregard anything else because there isn't anything. Devonian was interfered with about half a mile from home; he was 3½ lengths behind the winner at the finish. If, in spite of any interference, he had run close up, we might think as some do about

Even a victory in the Two Year Olds' "Derby," the Middle Park Stakes, if it is run this back-end, would not add one cubit to the colt's stature, and personally I should think that the best course would be to put him away in lavender till the 1942 Two Thousand.

Tornado's win at Salisbury on July 24th still further emphasised Big Game's excellence,

Rain stops play: Army and Air Force cricketers wait to make a start in a North v. South match at Scarborough. Left to right: Cpl. H. E. Dollery (Warwickshire), Lieut. the Hon. C. J. Lytton (Worcestershire), Captain R. H. Brooke (Bucks.), A.C.2 G. E. Bazalgette (Dulwich College), and Sgt. E. W. Whitfield (Surrey)



Young visitor: Lady Gordon-Finlayson, with her husband, Gen. Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson here, has started a home at St. Fillans, Heswall, where the families of soldiers, sailors and airmen can go for a cheap seaside holiday or if they have been bombed out of their houses. She holds Arthur Hales, one of the first and one of the youngest guests



for at this same course on June 2nd, the champion beat this one hard held by a length, and was giving him 10 lb. Big Game could have won by anything his jockey would let him. I think, therefore, that it would be just as well to leave the Middle Park to either Ujiji or Umballa, who are one and the same colt to all practical intents and purposes (*vide* the Woodcote, 6 furs. June 7th). Ujiji won by a short head at level weights.

The industrious unofficial handicapper puts these two 6 lb. and 7 lb. respectively behind Big Game. I should doubt myself whether 12 lb. would bring them level with him. I have no doubt that Ujiji is as good a colt as some rate him, but we have no actual proof that he is only 6 lb. behind Big Game. He had to work his passage to beat Eleanor Cross at the sex allowance in the July Stakes at Ascot. He only won by a short head, which is not very convincing.

A Sun Chariot Puzzle

I SHOULD think that Big Game is much farther out ahead of all the others of his sex than is Sun Chariot where those of hers are concerned. The King's filly made hacks of the whole fleet of them in the Amesbury Stakes 6 furlongs at Salisbury on July 24th. She was 13 lengths in front of Shah Rookh, another colt by Bahram, whom our diligent Unofficial Handicapper has placed level with her in his most interesting apportionments, and he has put Perfect Peace 3 lb. behind Shah Rookh. In the Queen Mary Stakes at Newmarket's "Ascot," Sun Chariot only beat Perfect Peace a short head, so there would seem to be a bit of adjustment necessary. Eleanor Cross is made out to be 1 lb. better than Perfect Peace. I think that it is obvious that Perfect Peace is the next best to the King's good filly.



At a Balloon Parade

The Duke of Portland took the salute at a march past of a Balloon Group of the R.A.F. at Welbeck Abbey. With him are his two sons, Air-Commodore the Marquess of Titchfield and Flying Officer the Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, personal assistant to Air-Commodore Sydney Smith, the A.O.C., who is on the Duke's left

I should hate the job of having to handicap Sun Chariot and Perfect Peace at 6 furlongs at the moment, for there is plenty of margin for error. If you put them in level, as you might be entitled to do, you would have to think of Sun Chariot's drubbing of that far from inferior colt Shah Rookh. And you would also have to think of the Acorn Plate at Newbury on June 6th, when Sun Chariot won from Trouble by two lengths comfortably, Perfect Peace another two lengths

away third. That ought to mean 12 lb.; yet in the Queen Mary Stakes, July 2nd, already referred to, Sun Chariot only beat Perfect Peace a short head. I do not think Perfect Peace's recent win at Salisbury (July 26th) in the New Forest Plate helps us very much; but, as just remarked, you and I would rather leave the job of handicapping her and Sun Chariot over 6 furlongs to someone else—a magician or some Turf Brains Trust, for choice.

(Concluded on page 252)



With the Fleet Air Arm: Enemy in Sight. By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

The scene is the bridge of one of the older type of aircraft-carriers, where the good news is being received (and "forwarded for necessary action") with such obvious excitement that the enemy in sight may possibly be another "wop" at last



Shades of Olympia, or The Critics, by Lionel Edwards

First Show Jumper: "Not quite a clean round, what?"

Second Ditto: "Scarcely up to Olympia standards, I think!"

The Irish Oaks

Racing Personalities at
The Curragh See the
Favourite Win

Photographs by
Poole, Dublin



The Favourite Wins

The Hon. Gerald Wellesley, the trainer of the winner, leads in Sir Thomas Dixon's *Uvira* after her spectacular win in the Irish Oaks, run recently at The Curragh. Tommy Burns rode her to victory. The winning filly was bred by the Aga Khan, and is by *Umidwar* out of *Lady Lawless*



In the Paddock

Miss Pamela O'Mahony, photographed at The Curragh, is the daughter of The O'Mahony and Mme. O'Mahony, of Grange Con, County Wicklow. Miss O'Mahony is a keen follower of the Kildare Hounds

Left:

His Honour Judge William J. Gleeson and his wife were at The Curragh for the Irish Oaks. *Uvira*, a hot favourite, won the race by six lengths from Capt. Charles Moore's *Music and Song* and Mrs. McGrath's *Cuirm Gail*

A Legal Spectator

Lord Hempill and a Lady Owner

Lord Hempill, of Tulira, Ardrahan, County Galway, was with Miss Eve Hallam in the Members' Enclosure. Miss Hallam is a well-known owner, whose colours are a familiar sight on Irish racecourses

Pre-Race Inspection

Miss Patricia MacGillycuddy and Lady Rathdonnell look over the horses before the race. Lord Rathdonnell, who is serving in the Army, owns *Lisnavagh*, Co. Carlow. Miss MacGillycuddy is the daughter of Anthony J. MacGillycuddy, of Flesk Castle, Killarney



Paddock Parade

Miss Deidre de Burgh and Miss Diana Kirkpatrick watch the horses parade before the big race. Lieut.-Commander K. C. Kirkpatrick's daughter hunts regularly with the County Down Staghounds, of which he was Master for many years

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Ashton — Clark

Hugh Ashton, son of the late Hugh Ashton, of Basutoland, and Mrs. Robert Struben, and Diana Clark, younger daughter of Sir William and Lady Clark, of 10, The Vale, S.W.3, were married at St. Luke's, Chelsea. Her father was High Commissioner in South Africa from 1934 to 1939



Boyle — Greenhow

Sub-Lieut. Waller Julian Algernon Boyle, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Hon. Walter Boyle, and the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, of Woodcote House, Esher, Surrey, and Anita Diana Greenhow, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Greenhow, of Rowmore, Cobham, Surrey, were married at St. Andrew's, Cobham

Right: Olive Jocelyn Godefroi, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Godefroi, of St. James's Palace, S.W.1, and a Company Assistant in the A.T.S., was married last month at Chipperfield to Sec.-Lieut. John Edward Layton Kelly, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kelly, of Chipperfield House, Chipperfield, Herts. Her younger sister is the wife of Lord Strabolgi's eldest son



Hay Wrightson
Mrs. J. E. L. Kelly



Catherine Bell
Mrs. H. M. Godfrey

Left: Betty Coleman, twin daughter of the late Major F. C. Coleman, and Mrs. Coleman, of 37, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, was married recently in London to Howard Molyneux Godfrey, K.S.L.I., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Godfrey, of Applegarth, Ogbourne St. George, Marlborough, Wilts.



Minchin — MacGillycuddy

Lieut. John Minchin, 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards), son of Mrs. Robert Smyth, of Haybrook, Mullinger, Eire, and Nancy MacGillycuddy, daughter of Major and Mrs. D. de C. MacGillycuddy, of Mangerton, Fleet, Hants., were married at Bovingdon

Captain James Oliver Kinloch Purdey, Royal Welch Fusiliers, son of Capt. J. A. Purdey, of North Close, Wentworth, Surrey, and Mrs. Purdey, of Farm House, Old Windsor, and Barbara Allen, daughter of the late C. W. Allen, and Mrs. Allen, of Roundwood, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Purdey — Allen



Aitken—Warrand Connal

Lieutenant John Aitken, R.N., and Elizabeth Warrand Connal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Warrand Connal, of Parkhall, Balford, Stirling, were married at Killearn Kirk. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Aitken, of High Bickington, North Devon



Griffiths—Lee Warner

Lieut. Arthur Griffiths, R.A., son of Major W. Griffiths, R.A., and Mrs. Griffiths, and Joanne Lee Warner, second daughter of Major and Mrs. Edward Lee Warner, were married at Holy Trinity, Cambridge. She works for the Combs. and Isle of Ely branch of the Red Cross



Reith—Passmore

Captain John G. A. Reith, R.A., elder son of the Rev. George and Mrs. Reith, of Edinburgh, and Marjorie Rose (Peggy) Passmore, daughter of Stanley Passmore, of 8, Bolton Street, W.1, and Mrs. R. Passmore, of Dormers, Seaview, Isle of Wight, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Halliday—Eley

Lieut. Arthur Connuck Halliday, R.N., and Joan Eley were married at Eltham Parish Church. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Halliday, of Grove Road, Windsor. She is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. H. Eley, of 11, Court Road, Eltham



McRitchie—McArthur

Pilot-Officer Ian McRitchie, R.A.F.V.R., of Melbourne, Australia, was married at Coulsdon to Joyce McArthur, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. McArthur, of 9, Bramley Avenue, Coulsdon, Surrey. The bridegroom signed on as a ship's engineer in order to come to Britain to join the R.A.F.V.R.



Root—Barbour Simpson

Frederick James Root, son of the late A. Root, and Mrs. Root, and chief secretary to Lord Reith, Minister of Works and Buildings, and Margaret Eleanor Barbour Simpson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Barbour Simpson, of 43, Manor Place, Edinburgh, were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh



Spelling—Barltrop

Jeffery Spelling, Royal Corps of Signals, and Margaret Eunice Barltrop, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. E. W. Barltrop, of The Crescent, Solihull, Warwickshire, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton Road. The bride's father is Regional Controller, Midlands Division, Ministry of Labour and National Service. The bride is in the A.T.S.



Stevens—Rinder

Sq.-Ldr. Peter Stevens, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of the late H. W. Stevens, and Mrs. Stevens, of The Chillerns, Sutton, Surrey, and Peggy Rinder, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Rinder, of Warren House, Broadwater, Worthing (now at the Royal Hotel, Llandudno), were married at St. George's, Llandudno



Montgomery Campbell—Fettes

Captain H. A. L. Montgomery Campbell, R.T.R., only son of the late Colonel Montgomery Campbell, and Mrs. Montgomery Campbell, of Hungerford, Berks., and Jean Eveline Fettes, only daughter of John Fettes, of Abbey Lodge, Hanover Gate, Regent's Park, and the late Mrs. Fettes, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Bad Forms

AVIATION, like most other modern activities, is afflicted by a plague of forms. I once compiled and published in these pages a list of the licences, certificates of competence, manifests, log books and other paper assinine paraphernalia and scribble shibboleths which a pilot is enjoined to carry on every flight.

In war the Royal Air Force uniform is a universal passport, certificate and licence, and it occurs to me that the civil pilot might well note this fact for future reference. It would be an advantage if, by wearing some particular and registered pattern of hat, or by another more radical method to which I shall refer, a person carried a sort of consolidated licence to fly and were thereby absolved from taking with him the cumbersome luggage of paper.

How the Englishman laughs at the native who is awed by some imposing Government stamp on some complicated document! There must be a million Anglo-jokes on that subject alone. Yet no native is so impressed by an imposing document as the Englishman himself. He is the apostle of good form and bad forms. He is the slave of the written word; the servant of the signature, who is eternally ready to be bullied by anything written in block letters.

Thumbs Up

AVIATION, being a scientific activity, ought to set a good example

by adopting scientific methods. It has to-day a wonderful opportunity of doing so. It is my submission that authorisation by bit of paper is unscientific and even silly, because no bit of paper can prove authorisation. Even the records to which it may refer can only do that if there is a permanent, indestructible, unmistakable link between the records and the person concerned.

A licence to fly does not of itself—any more than a Royal Air Force uniform—contain matter proving that the person concerned can fly. It is merely a reference to records of that person's flying experience. Possession of a book, or a particular kind of hat or pair of slacks, does not confer flying ability. Yet that is how the innocent children of the Air Ministry regard such things.

They place an altogether unjustified confidence in the view that a person who can produce a booklet of a certain kind and containing certain marks within it, or who wears a certain kind of dress having a certain badge upon it, can fly and is authorised to fly.

I suggested that civil pilots instead of carrying a booklet should wear a certain kind of hat; but even that is merely one step towards saving paper and time. A further step should be visualised, and now is the time to take it. *It is the method of the finger-print.* Aviation should set the pace by simplifying and improving all

forms of control by adopting the standard of the thumb-print.

Service by the Service

WARS offer the opportunity for reform. They give the crank his chance, but they also give the scientific reformer his chance. I recommend that the Air Ministry make a start now and set all other Government departments an example by taking the finger-prints of every person in this country, both in the Royal Air Force and out of it, who is authorised to pilot an aeroplane.

The finger-prints would be correlated with the records of experience, and there would be no further need for any pilot to carry with him a single document, licence or paper authorisation of any kind. His authorisation—and it would be an indisputable one—would be the whorls of his finger-prints.

At present we have wonderful aircraft, representing advanced engineering achievements, yet we maintain the same old, out-of-date, inefficient, garrulous garbage of organisation and administration. We still rely upon the filling up of forms and the issuing of licences and booklets covered in scribbles.

Scientific thinking is rare even among scientific workers. It is almost non-existent in Government departments. But the opportunity is here and it may never occur again. If aviation could lead the way out of the maze of paper into which Government departments have flung the wretched citizen, it would be doing a national service for which it would earn the country's gratitude. This is the way: by using the finger-print as the establishing factor, abolishing the demand that the citizen should carry or even keep any bits of paper or books of authorisation, and recording all his qualifications, payments, and the like in appropriate record offices.

Form Foolery

THE other day the Ministry of Food, I think it was, complained that eight million people (or some such number) had filled in their ration books wrongly. The Ministry seemed to be mildly reproving those millions for their carelessness or incompetence.

I had a look at the forms and found that if any blame rested on anybody, it rested on the Ministry or issuer of the forms. Like most Government forms, they were badly constructed and incompetently laid out. The whole fault lay in the forms themselves.

It was an example of the utter absence of critical thought in Government offices. They get out a badly laid out, badly worded, poorly printed form and then blame the millions when they fail to repair its defects by ingenious filling-in.

Let us rid ourselves of these time-wasting, irritating incubi. Let us base our national records on the finger-print and concentrate all the relevant documents in appropriate record offices.

We have accepted that the individual must be docketed and listed and licensed by the Government. We have accepted the right of Government departments to pry practically without control by Parliament or legislature. The logical step is to systematise their collected information and to simplify the method by which reference to it can be secured.

Here is a thing in which aviation can do the country at large a useful service. If it takes the step now it will have conferred an advantage upon everyone, both by increasing our wartime efficiency, and by improving the conditions of peacetime organisation.



Pilots and Portraits

D. R. Stuart

Left to right: P.O. K. W. Mackenzie, D.F.C., Sq.-L. "Gus" Holden, D.F.C., P.O. R. C. Dafforn, D.F.C., P.O. J. H. Lacey, D.F.M., promoted Flight-Lieutenant for bringing down the Heinkel which bombed Buckingham Palace. Their portraits are by Sydney Gausden, who painted all the officers of this much-decorated Fighter Squadron and presented the pictures to the Mess. P.O. Mackenzie is one of the two pilots in this war who, on running out of "ammunition," have successfully rammed their opponents. The Squadron is well in the running for "top score"

"Both Schweppes, sir"



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER
No. 2004, AUGUST 13, 1941

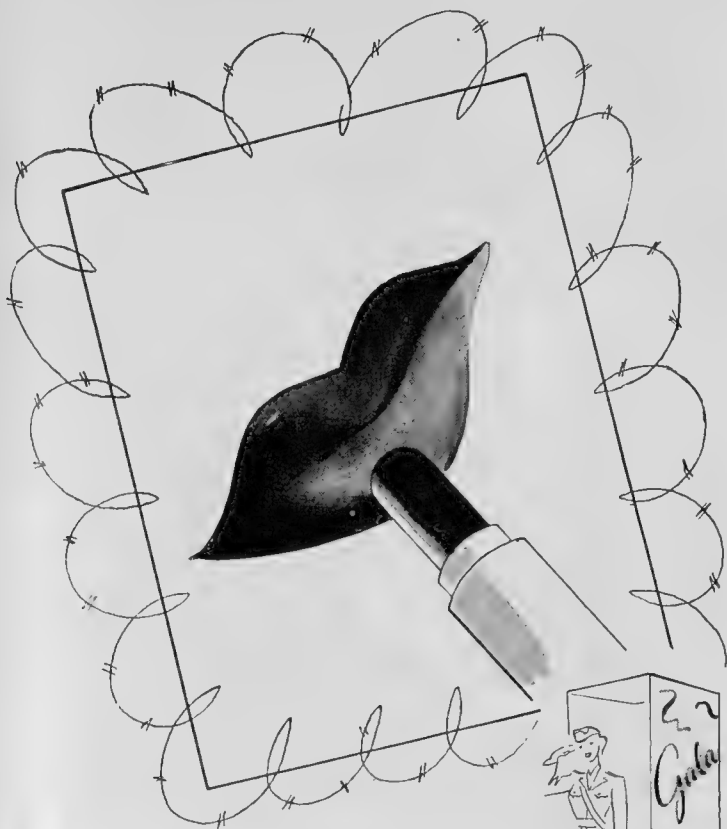


Here is a decidedly new idea in the realm of hairdressing, created by Barry Woolf, The Quadrant Arcade, 80 Regent Street. By sending a facial description or photograph and a postal order for 12s. 6d. one of his personally created designs will be forwarded, leaving the execution either to yourself or your local hairdresser. It was from a photograph that the dressing portrayed was inspired. Mr. Woolf is equally successful in designing from a facial description. It is well to give some particulars regarding the silhouette. Further details of this process will be sent free on application



Coupons are still being discussed and women are comparing the "values" they have been able to obtain. Now that the autumn is rapidly approaching a good coat is a necessity and nowhere is a more representative collection to be seen than at H. J. Nicoll's of Regent Street. The model portrayed above is admirably cut and tailored and is expressed in very heavy boucle in all the accepted colours. Note the turn-over collar, practical pockets, and large buttons. Sometimes the buttons are nearly double this size and also take up a position on the felt hats. Clan Tartan coats have their roles to play. Well worth a visit to view are the cashmere cardigans reinforced with a deep vest; they look like a two-piece but are really one garment

Scotch tweed has been used by Jays, Regent Street, for the three-piece suit illustrated on the left. It consists of skirt, short and top coat, and the skirt has three inverted pleats in front and one at the back—in the check navy, powder blue, green and red predominates. Furthermore there are ensembles, many being enriched with fur, and of tweed coats and skirts suitable for autumn and winter wear there is a large assortment. Again, it is splendid news that during August there will be special bargains in winter suits free of Purchase Tax. No one must leave these salons until they have seen the "classic" felt hats with adjustable brims



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GALA REFILLS—at your service! They fit almost any standard type of case; they are versatile in colour, brilliant in texture . . . one, two or three refills are enough to start a lipstick wardrobe that will give verve and sparkle to coupon clothes. Incidentally, you may occasionally have difficulty in obtaining Gala, but it is well worth while to keep in touch with the shops and snap up a refill whenever you can. There is a Gala Powder, too, at 1/6 the box.



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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

POLICE and A.R.P. wardens near the local town hall made a dash for the building when they saw the clock tower suddenly illuminated.

But the light was quickly extinguished.

The offender was an all-night worker, who had accidentally switched on the clock tower light in illuminating a room inside the town hall.

One warden rebuked the man: "If you must give the raiders our position, you needn't tell them the time as well!"

HE leaned over the fence and saw his neighbour hard at work in the garden.

"Been at it long?" he asked.

"Yes," sighed the worker, dejectedly, "since seven o'clock."

"Good heavens!" gasped the other, "I wouldn't think of such a thing as working at that hour in the morning."

"I wouldn't either," came the reply, "my wife thought of it."

A WORKMAN was called in to do some repairs to an A.R.P. wardens' post, and before he started his labours he looked round for something to stand on. Spotting a rough wooden structure, he picked it up.

"Hey, what are you doing with that?" exclaimed the warden on duty.

"I'm only borrowing this soap box to stand on. I won't hurt it."

"Soap box be hanged! That's our chief warden's roll-top desk."

AT dinner a French airman, serving with a squadron of the R.A.F., was placed opposite a pilot officer whose knowledge of French was not exactly a strong point.

As the two faced each other, the Frenchman bowed and said: "Bon appetit."

Taking this to be a self-introduction, the R.A.F. man replied: "Ramsbottom."

Afterwards his friends ragged him about the incident.

"Our guest was wishing you good appetite," they explained. "You should have said the same in return."

The Englishman vowed not to repeat his mistake.

The next evening, when the Frenchman appeared at table, he at once greeted him with the words: "Bon appetit."

To the delight of the mess, the Frenchman gave his usual courteous bow and gravely answered: "Ramsbottom."



"They stand up to anything except a direct hit, sir"



"Here they come, boys! A whole swarm of 'em—heading for London"

THE small girl was used to hearing her parents talk shop. Her father was, and her mother had been, in the advertising business.

One Sunday she brought home from Sunday school an illuminated text. Her mother asked her what it was.

"Oh, only an advert about Heaven," was the reply.

A soldier on the march felt something in his boot. His toe became painful and he was limping badly by the time he got back to camp.

He took off his boot and sock to bathe his blistered foot and found lodged in the toe of the sock a pellet of paper, on which was written: "God bless the soldier who wears these socks."

A COCKNEY was being tried for knocking a man down in a dark lane and stealing his wallet.

A be-wigged figure got up and started to tell how this poor fellow had been brought up in the slums without any one to guide him. Then he got married and now had a wife and seven children, and if they put the poor fellow in prison there'd only be misery and starvation for the wife and children. Everybody in court nearly cried when they heard the tale.

The prisoner turned to a warder and said: "Who's that bloke doin' all the talking?"

"That's your lawyer. He's trying to get you off."

The prisoner gave the barrister an aggrieved look, and said: "Gloomy old —, ain't 'e?"

THEY were returning home in the blackout after the evening out, and held a heated discussion at a doorway. Finally, they thumped on the door, and a window above was thrust open.

"What do you want at this hour?" demanded a forbidding voice.

"Are you Mrs. Smith?" asked the spokesman, hesitatingly.

"I am," she snapped.

"Good," said the reveller. "Do you mind coming down and picking out Mr. Smith with a torch? The rest of us want to go home."

AFTER a long and searching cross-examination the little woman in the witness box remained quite unperturbed. At last the barrister who had been grueiling her remarked:

"You say you had no education, but you answered all my questions smartly enough."

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, meekly.

"But you don't have to be a scholar to answer a lot of silly questions."

THE touring company had never been of the best, and when they reached the stage of playing to the family of the man who owned the little country theatre, and found that they left at the end of the first act, it was decided to break up.

Two of the actors set out to work their way back to London. They were lucky enough to get a passage on a barge, and when passing through a lock they overheard this conversation:

"What you got on board this trip, Jim?"

"Load of fertilizer, and a couple of actors, Bert."

The two actors looked at each other in silence, and sighed deeply.

"Cyril," said one, "shall we never top the bill?"

A SCOTSMAN and an Englishman went into a café and ordered tea. When this arrived, the Englishman said, trying to be funny: "Now you be mother and pour out."

The Scot did so, and at the end of the meal, when the bill had been presented, he stood up and said to his companion: "Now you be father and pay."

Women's Services

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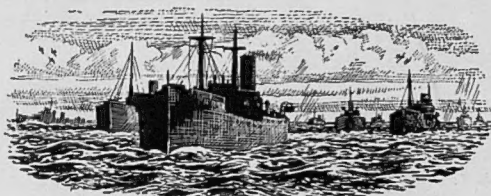
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A famous poet once reminded us that "the bread we eat . . . and the sweets that we suck" have to be brought to us by sea, and that if anyone hindered the coming of those "big steamers" we should starve.

OUR sailors know the risks they take—but they still go on, keeping our lifelines intact. To bring in the tools we need, the food that is so vital.

Be worthy of their endeavours. We are all on half rations for our Sweetmeats and so the proper thing for us all to do is to reduce our own purchases. Then there will be a fair share for everybody. If anyone gets more than their half, then it means someone else has to do without. And very often that means the children, whose need is, of course, the greatest.

Will you help? We are doing all we can to distribute evenly and fairly, and so are the shopkeepers.

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OFFICIAL PRICES

"Quality Street" and "Double Centre" assortment—8d. per qtr. lb.
½ lb. Box 1/4. Handy Packet 6d.
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A perfect example of the superiority of our famous knitwear—this beautiful suit is in wool and angora in lovely three-tone checks.

Colours: Brown/leaf-green/nasturtium, cherry/dark grey/silver, tan/natural/brown, black/white/grey, laurel green/tan/opal, wallflower/natural/brown. Sizes S.W., W. and W.X. 8½ Gns.

Smart Cossack Cap in black, grey, nigger, cherry, green or navy. (No coupons.) 25/6

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LANgham 4444

Blast!

(Continued from page 239)

stated, "I shall really have to have you thrown out. You've been kicked out of the Emergency Reserve. You don't think the Home Guard is good enough for you. And you're drunk."

There was dead silence. Then George with dignity emptied the remains of the decanter into his glass and drank.

"I'm drunk, and you're half asleep," he said. "But at least you've once been a soldier and you're a hang-over warrior now, in your old age. I've never been anything. I'm not a drunkard or a lecher or a glutton or a notorious idler. I've never persecuted widows and orphans. I'm just a useless rentier—just too old—just too flabby—just too conceited perhaps to be anything any good at all."

"I've just discovered (probably it was that champagne) that I'm pitifully useless and unfit and middle-aged."

"Charles—are you awake, Charles? If there was one more drink in your mingy decanter I should burst into tears of self-pity."

For all I know he may well have wept. I was tired, and I remember hearing his monologue go droning on and on for ages, punctuated by pops and bangs from our Aryan brothers outside. I slept at last and I didn't discover what happened to George till late the following afternoon.

The raid had been as bad as it sounded—not just where I live, but not too far away. I could have put that dam-fool George up easily, but it appears he strutted out, and he must have reached the Occidental Palais just about when the fatal bomb caught it in the rear.

No reason why one should blame architects and builders if any edifice fails to stand up to a direct hit by modern H.E. But the great Occidental Palais does seem to have gone down a thought too easily. George appears to have been swept into the crowd of rescue workers when the place collapsed. At any rate, he joined them. Nobody worked harder than George. Everybody but George packed up when it seemed unreasonable to assume that any one still alive could be inside. It was George who decided to creep in for a last look round, though they tried to stop him.

George brought her out—two legs broken, and unconscious—but she was alive, they told me, and such a pretty girl. George was in poor shape himself when someone got him later on to hospital.

I saw him that evening. Poor chap, he fortunately did not know just what was wrong with him.

"Hi, Charles," he said. "I was a damn fool to go out in that blitz last night, but they say I did a good bit of work. I'm a hero, Charles, after all."

I didn't know just what was the correct remark to make.

"But don't mistake me, Charles, I only did the hero business because I was tight."

"Nonsense," I said. "You were as sober as a judge. Everybody said you acted with the coolest sort of courage. Now don't get excited, and you'll be all right."

"Yes," he said, "perhaps I was a little brave. I did realise that it was unnecessarily dangerous to go in again after the girl. But I was the one who'd heard her cry. The place was rickety. It was unnecessarily dangerous to get her out, they say. It was unnecessary. It was unnecessarily dangerous . . . Charles; they tell me I saved her life. But I know I didn't. She was dead."

I began to contradict this, but he shut me up. "I know she was dead. You'll find out she was if you take the trouble."

"It's funny that the only thing of real import-

ance I've ever tried to do should come unstuck. And it's sickening to know I only tried to do it because I was tight. I shouldn't ever have saved anybody from anything, by myself."

"You pull yourself together," I said. "Don't you be so introspective," I said. "You did the best you could."

"Oh, sure," said George, and was silent. We were both silent.

And then, after a bit, I noticed he was dead.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 241)

Goodwood

IF Monmouth had won the Battle of Sedgemoor, I wonder whether we should ever have heard of Goodwood, which, like Ascot, has been temporarily, only till next year, as I am ready to wager, been transferred to Newmarket, for when Monmouth was master of his own hounds (The Charlton) in 1679, he said to Lord Grey, who was subsequently his second-in-command at that one-sided battle: "When I am king I shall come and keep my court at Charlton."

At that time no one had heard of Goodwood excepting as a tithing of Charlton, later to be called "The Melton of the South," and, as it is more than possible that if pitchforks had managed to beat James II's muskets and artillery, such as it was, Monmouth would have made that part of the Downs the great sporting centre of activity, and we may be sure that racing would have held as great a place in the diversions of the man who aspired to the throne, as fox hunting had ever done. Even till much later times than those of poor Monmouth, we read, in an account of the justices' progress to the Chichester Assizes to try some particularly murderous smugglers, who were eventually duly hanged, of their lordships "having been entertained by the Duke of Richmond at his hunting box near Charlton." Not a word about Goodwood be it marked!

"Goodwood" this year told us nothing of much value where the Leger is concerned, so far as we dare judge things upon this year's classic form. The Sussex Stakes, in which Orthodox, Starwort and Co. were engaged, was run over the Bunbury mile—no guide at all, and the fact that Morogoro was unplaced rather puts one off thinking about him for the Cambridgeshire to be run over this course (one mile) instead of the customary one mile, one furlong. Perhaps the little grey is a bit stale. It would not be surprising.

"Brownie"

THE passing of Bernard Carslake, at the ripe age for a jockey on active service of fifty-five, is a cause of grief to all who knew him and had an admiration for a great "professor" who was not only a fine practitioner, but a really good horseman. I think that one might say that every Australian jockey is compelled by reason of his upbringing to learn how to ride all sorts and conditions of horses, before he is even permitted to think that he might become a jockey. They have to matriculate in a pretty tough school, and "Brownie" had his first ride in public at what is called a "Bush" meeting—where things are very ready and correspondingly rough. He was then only twelve.

I always thought he was in a long way better class as a horseman than that other brilliant Australian, Frank Wootton, who, like "Brownie," never had the luck to ride the winner of the Derby. Carslake rode three Leger winners, Lord Derby's Keysoe in 1919, the Aga Khan's Salmon Trout in 1924, the year when there was such a lot of chatter, and Mr. J. V. Rank's Scottish Union in 1938. Unlike Frank Wootton, he never ran to fat, and was the beau-ideal of the middle-weight crack right up to the last.

Letter From America

(Continued from page 226)

JUST as in the "bad" old days it was "the thing" for Londoners to commute to Le Touquet en masse (visions of Leonard Govett, R.N.V.R., on the first tee in a dinner jacket, and "Lionel" being driven in a Rolls from the Hermitage one hundred yards to the casino), it is the custom for fashionable ranks around New York to visit friends at Newport R.I. and Southampton L.I. for the Fourth year after year.

At Newport young Mrs. Michael Strutt stayed with Miss Jane Pope. Her husband is stationed in his step-father's, Lord Rosebery, native Scotland. Also among the "très correct" element was Baronne de Villier-Terrage of Paris, an American whose French accent in English is almost as pronounced as Madame Balsan's. Those who sat in the Tribune des Dames at Deauville will remember her, and remembering, wonder what has happened to all those amiable and soignée ladies in the "new" France of short commons and short memories.

F'rinstance, hundreds of Parisians went to a party some German officers gave at the Rothschilds' house only last month, according to Mrs. John Moffat, and other American-Parisians. They were not compelled to accept, any more than their forbears were forced to chum with the Germans in 1870. This tradition of "le monde qui s'amuse" to accept anybody's bun dis gusts honest elements here.

So has the declaration by Finland's President, in which he spoke of: "Great Germany, under her leader of genius Reichsfuehrer Hitler," etc. Men of old were tortured rather than say what they did not mean. I mean, as Queen Victoria said on being urged by one of her Ministers to do something which seemed phoney to her: "We understand Right and Wrong; we do not understand EXPEDIENCY."

Nobody expects the Finns to love the Russians, but this German "affaire de cœur," however expedient, has lowered Finland's stock in America where she stood higher than any European nation, because she continued to repay her Great War debt and because her handsome Minister, M. Procopé, is a diplomatic wizard, equally popular with men and women, with big brains and with lightweights. As a leading paper here has written: "It is the most friendly suggestion to hope that Mr. Procopé will advise his Government of the eventual perils of being tarred with Hitler's brush."

Other Visitors

AT Southampton, L. I., Lord Beaverbrook's sister-in-law, Mrs. Chipman Drury of Montreal, spent the Fourth, and the venerable Dr. Nicolas Murray Butler entertained intellectuals. John D. Beals had his sister and brother-in-law, Wing Commander Edward Corballis, R.A.F. (retired), to stay.

Others whom you know were M. P. "Bartle" Bull's mother-in-law, Mrs. Baur, a belligerent Republican committee woman; the Marquise Sommi-Picenardi of Rome and Paris whose parasols were a feature of the paddock at Deauville, and the Nassovian artist Soldwedel.

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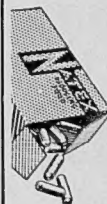
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